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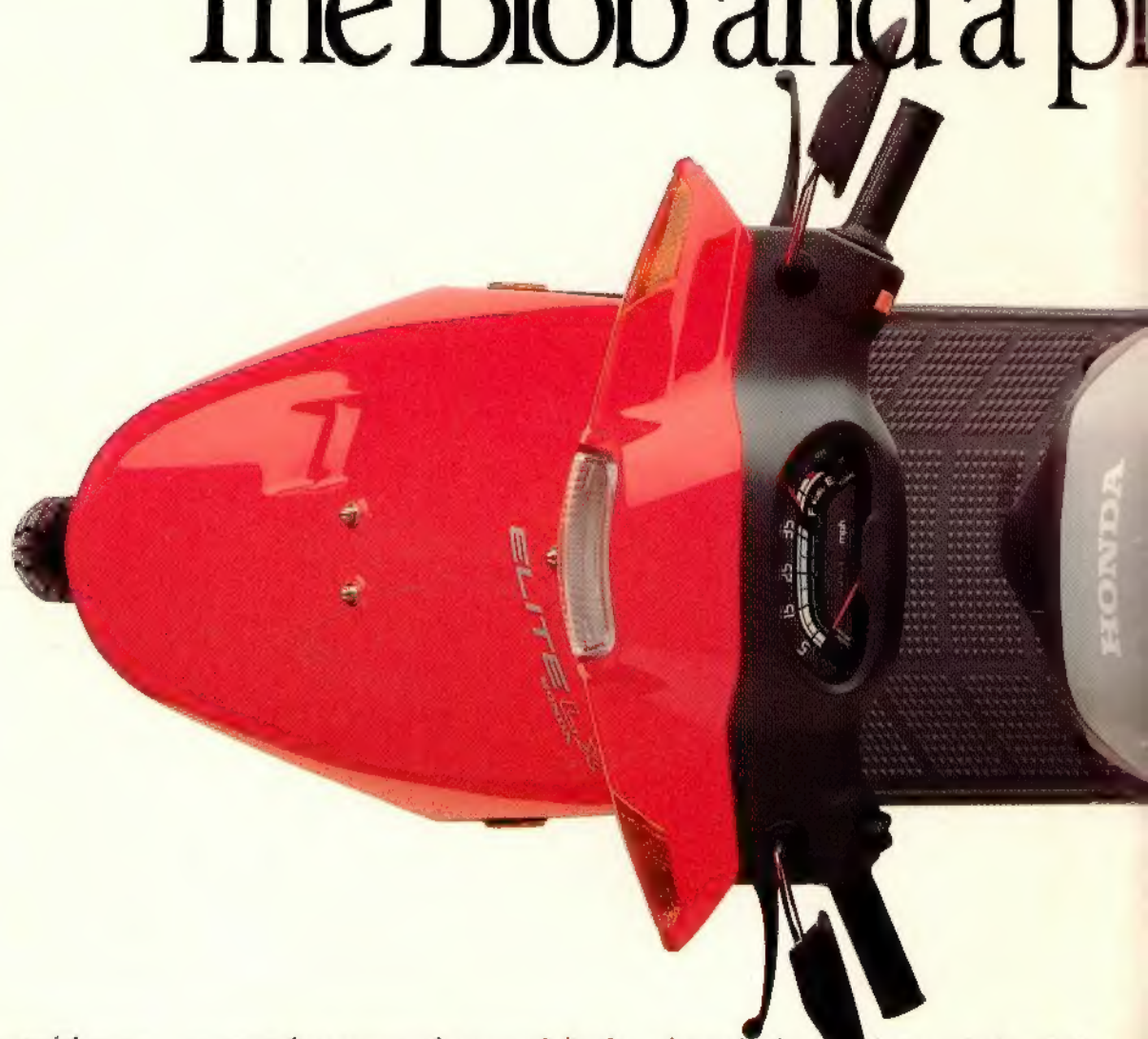
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July 1988

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I'M STAYING HOME, I'VE DONE MY TIME

An aging fan crosses the street to avoid
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TOP SPIN

Irving Berlin has nothing to do with you or me, nothing at all. Just an old, old man from a long time ago, from a time too far gone to bear the slightest resemblance to our own, Irving Berlin was last month's brief cultural news item, worthy of a *USA Today* cover sketch, deserving of 100th birthday wishes and a warm wink from the hostette of "Entertainment Tonight," recipient of all manner of mass media graciousness despite his lack of participation, despite his unwillingness to create the most minimal of photo opportunities. The achievement under celebration wasn't the music but the extraordinary length of the man's life; the length of his life is exactly what Irving Berlin has lived to regret.

Irving Berlin and his music are so far away from us, so remote from our own dull and thrilling end of the century. Years and years before the birth of the Beatles or of Nike footwear, Berlin quashed all requests to use his tunes to pimp products, a curious stance for a man who'd begun as the brassiest of Tin Pan Alley song pluggers, desperate to devise new ways of getting a song sung on a stage—any stage—in hope of a hit. Hits sold sheet music in those days, not CDs, and the difference is huge, undeniable, impossible to bridge.

His first hit was "Alexander's Ragtime Band." It was the work of a white man, a Jew, imitating a black style a good number of years after the black style's early innovations, at a time when white audiences were still less than receptive to the black practitioners of the style. The music bore no resemblance whatsoever to, say, the Beastie Boys.

Unlike most songwriters of our own era, Irving Berlin never learned to read music and was forced to rely on the crutch of technology in order to create. He could only play the piano in the key of F sharp, but with a special transposing piano, a mechanical device allowed him to switch keys. A pitch-bending synthesizer with built-in rhythm settings and sampling capabilities is

light-years away from so crude a contraption, and guitarists who rely on capos are invariably much closer to being true aesthetes than the uncouth likes of Irving Berlin.

The streets of his youth were cluttered by petty criminals and ruled by organized crime. The world of his lifetime was dominated by war and rumors of war, swept by an unending tide of fear and hope, and powerful joy. He was virtually the Anti-Morrissey, the veritable Jonathan Richman of his time, a relentless optimist through decade after decade of depression and despair. Born at the onset of modernism, contemporary to the greatest tragedies of history, he failed to understand that mankind was doomed to suffer, to wallow in gloom, to wear the most existentially profound of black wardrobes and stare glumly into cold cafe au lait. Instead, when he suffered profoundly after the shocking death of his new wife, he addressed his wounds frankly, he made light of his life and he moved on. He wrote "Blue Skies." He had nothing to do with our time.

He began insinuating himself—a white man, a Jew, a Russian, an immigrant, a near illiterate, a non-musician—into Tin Pan Alley and vaudeville, into a culture that was aping the culture of the black people it feared. As only the greatest of bluesmen ever do, he found a voice that was his own, a distinctly American voice that sang through the mouths of others, of millions of others. As vaudeville was destroyed by the movies and as movies found a voice and began to sing, he stayed in style. As Broadway grew ambitious and artful, as the world lurched from war to war, as show business died and moved to Las Vegas, Irving Berlin stayed in style. Through not just one generation but a half dozen, he remained in vogue. And then he lived a little too long, and all of us grew wiser than he was. Maybe living past your time is worse than a sin. Maybe we'll all get lucky and it'll never happen to any of us.

—Bart Bull



Courtesy CBS Records



Top: Irving Berlin, the brassiest of the Tin Pan Alley songsmiths. Above: Our distributor, John, who says he doesn't know Donna Rice. Top right: Jesse Jackson holds his ground. Right: Leslie West weasels a plug for his pal Howard "Bad Boy Radio Shock Jock" Stern into our otherwise cool magazine.



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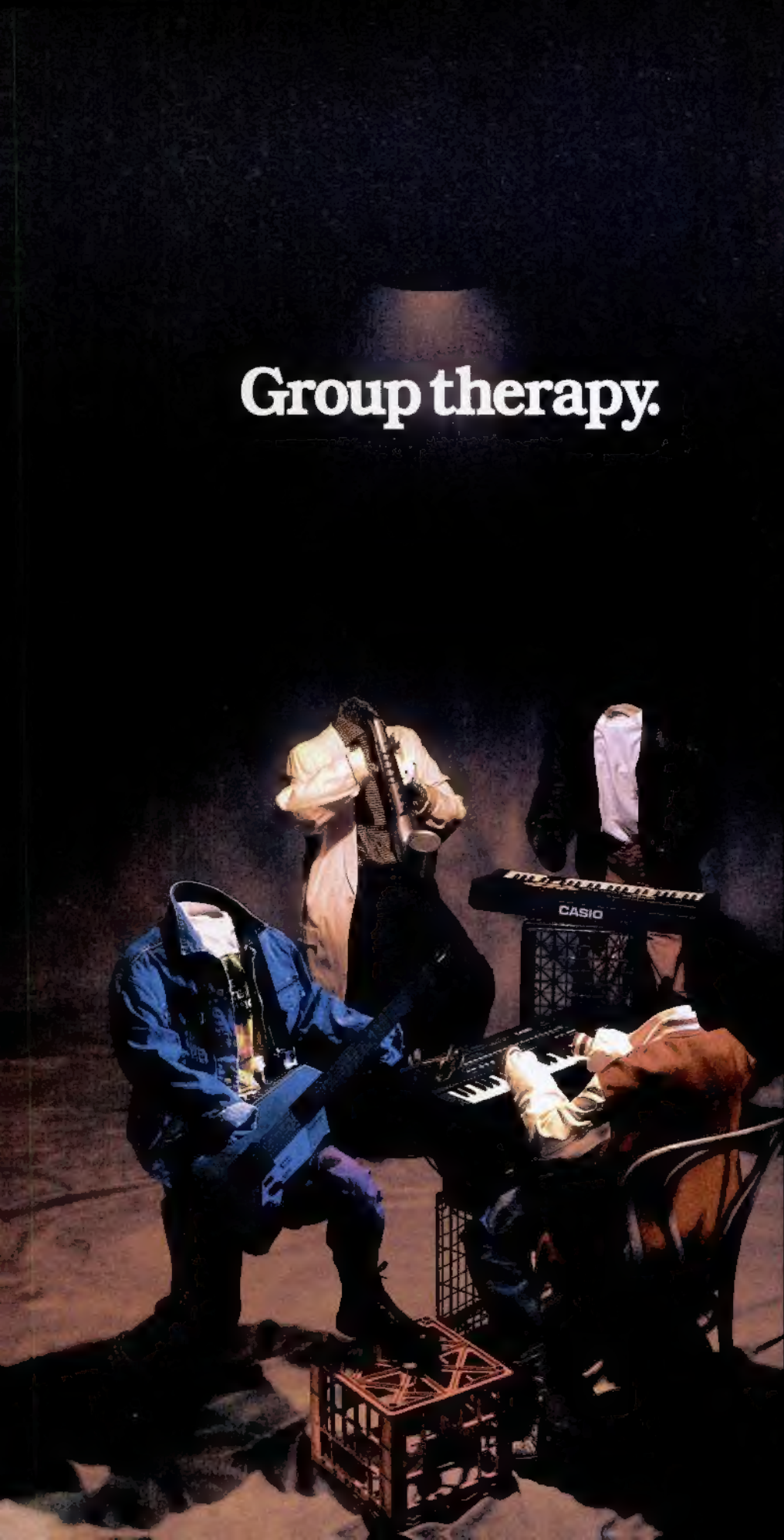
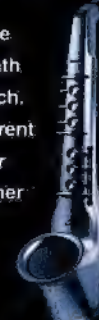
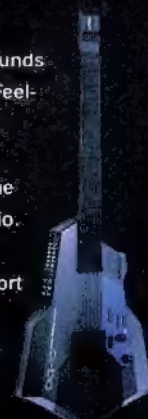
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POINT BLANK

Letters

World's greatest

I used to think Run-D.M.C. [May] was just another humorous rap band whose days were numbered. I used to think Run-D.M.C. was a total insult to music lovers. I used to think Run-D.M.C. suffered from a severe lack of intelligence, substance, talent, and morals. I used to think Run-D.M.C. was a total disgrace to the entire music industry. After seeing what I used to think were Run-D.M.C.'s ugly faces on the cover of what I used to think was a stupid magazine, and after reading Mehno and Leland's article, I realized how completely wrong I was. SPIN is a great cutting-edge, fuck-the-mainstream music magazine and Run-D.M.C. is the world's greatest rock 'n' roll band. And all this time I used to think I liked R.E.M., Hüsker Dü, the Ramones, and Black Flag! Wow!

Matt Tassone
Chicago, IL

My longtime idols, Run-D.M.C., are plagued by prejudice and jealousy. Not too many people can stand to see young blacks on the top of anything, let alone the music industry.

I love their style. It's hard, just like life. They should take "no shorts," be hard all the way. Run-D.M.C. are the Kings of Rock 'n' Roll. Period.

David Cobb
New Brighton, PA

Since Hüsker Dü has apparently called it quits, Run-D.M.C. just might be the world's greatest rock 'n' roll band.

Robert Klippel
Denver, Colorado

How's the Mrs.?

I would like to thank Robert Palmer for his explicit coverage of Megadeth [April]. The men behind Megadeth are intelligent, unique, and fully dedicated. Bob knowledgeably covered every aspect of Megadeth,

which I fully appreciated. The truth is hard to come by . . . and who knows the truth better than us?

"Mrs. General"
Cleveland, Ohio

How can Dave Mustaine and Megadeth honestly talk about the importance of safe sex in the world of the "black plague" when he and his band have a new "Mrs. General" every night?

J.M.
Bettendorf, IA

Editor's note: Loyal SPIN readers will remember "Mrs. General" as the young woman who met Dave Mustaine after Megadeth's Cleveland performance and accompanied him to Pittsburgh.

Stern words

I tuned in the Howard Stern show on the day your President was discussing whether Howard would accept your overly generous offer to include him among real talents like L.L. Cool J in an upcoming swimsuit pictorial. It made me sick to hear the musically/socially ignorant Stern mock your coverage of new and underground bands. What makes SPIN special is that you have given lots of new bands the credit and exposure that they deserve. No way is Stern cool enough for SPIN magazine.

Fly Francis
N.Y.C.

Long may it play

What's going on in your editorial offices? Here the loveable LP is faced with imminent extinction by the biggest record industry scam conspiracy in history and you haven't made hardly a peep about this issue!

Furthermore, as one of the few (only?) major magazines to cover the alternative scene (and quite well at



Joe Simmons, Daryll McDaniels, and Jason Mizell are hard, just like life.

that) you should be concerned about the fate of all these as-yet poor indie artists who even now must struggle to scrape together enough to put out vinyl EPs, let alone bloody CDs! The desecration of the LP in favor of despotic CDs could thus effectively spell the complete demise of independent music, a vital source of musical innovation and stimulation in a commercially bastardized market.

Art Joyce
Aldergrove, British Columbia

Rapsody

As the manager of a rap-oriented record store in Seattle, I am writing simply to let you know how much I look forward to John Leland's Singles column each issue. Not only do Leland's insights into rap singles provide me assistance in my own buying, but with the possible exception of *Billboard's* Nelson George, Leland seems to be the only music journalist in the country with an informed, intelligently written perspective on hip hop music.

Like rock 'n' roll, rap music is as unsettling as the world from which it comes, and claims that domain as something uniquely its own. The few deejays bold enough to play hip hop, who curiously seem to number more

college than urban programmers, have to be regarded as modern-day Alan Freed.

"Shockmaster" Glen Boyd
Seattle, Washington

The other Bruce

Thank you for the interview with Bruce Babbitt [March]. It's a damned shame that East Coast state primaries/caucuses deprive westerners of a chance to vote for a man like B.B., who might have had a chance to undo what R.R. and this administration are leaving as a legacy for my kids and grandkids. Babbitt wasn't slick or Hollywood, but he sure made sense.

Laura B. Carey
Fresno, CA

Dog days

Believe me, I am not trying to be a dick, but in the May issue, Sue Cummings made an error. She reviewed Robert Plant's new album saying that splices of "Black Day" were mixed in on "Tall Cool One." It's "Black Dog." Please tell this to Sue. Perhaps next time she should only light one stick of incense.

Darrell Sanders
Atlanta, GA

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FLASH

★ Big Pig, Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark, Alien Sex Fiend, British slang, Good Guys, Late Night with David Letterman, Missed Information, Pontiac Brothers, Luxuria.



THE BIG WORLD OF BIG PIG

big Pig founder Oleh Witer and vocalist Sherine are having tea. "We're not pretending to be living a life of debauchery," says Oleh. "We're a pop group and we try to be ourselves." Sherine adds, "Our image is simple, it's an honesty." Out of Melbourne, Australia, from behind black aprons, and through their debut LP *Bonk* comes the personality of Big Pig—uncompromising and uncomplicated.

"The interesting thing about Australia, same as America, is all the different nationalities," observes Oleh. "We're really the first generation that's been born in Australia. But no one's attached to it that greatly."

"Except Tony," Sherine interjects, smiling. "He's building a house in the bush."

"Everyone else is like, 'Let's go! Face the world!' That was the main aim of this band—the musical thing, which could have come out of any country." Even an artistic wasteland like this one? "America invented rock 'n' roll," Oleh says. "That's plenty in itself. Americans are quite culturally trendy—at the moment it's Australian music and Cajun food—but America is full of culture."

For all its seven members—an incorporation of three drums, keyboards, harmonica, and seven voices—Big Pig exists as a collectively harmonious society. "It's more like a family ethic than a socialist ethic," says Oleh. "We all do a bit to help the group rather than let one person take all the glory. It's a group ethic which has really died. You don't see many actual groups anymore."

But what kind of a name is Big Pig (which appears in large letters on Oleh's belt buckle) for a band whose sound recalls black vocal groups and gospel choirs of the Thirties, whose instrumentation is devoid of guitars, whose lyrics are "a merging of opposites, pop with substance," and whose appearance is so stark? "It does take the piss a bit," sniggers Sherine. "I made it up," Oleh says proudly. "I've always been good with names."

—Christian Logan Wright

Big Pig: (L-R) Tim Rosewaren, Oleh Witer, Neil Baker, Adrian Scaglione, Nick Disbray, Tony Antoniadis, Sherine.

Courtesy A&M Records



Courtesy A&M Records

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK

Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark: Symphonic gropings in blackness; or perhaps musical splendor born out of naivete. The possibilities within the name seem exquisitely wrought and inherently endless. "Well, we have to burst your bubble by telling you that there is absolutely no symbolism in it at all," says Andy McCluskey. "It goes back to being sixteen when you spend more time in the bedroom fantasizing—about all sorts of things—but particularly about being in a band. I was just writing on my bedroom wall at the time, dreaming. We wanted a name that was different. We remembered this song title and thought, 'That'll do.'" The mind reels.

As does *The Best of O.M.D.*, a partial synopsis of the band's hits. The collection covers thirteen (out of twenty-two) of their singles, plus "Dreaming," the new single. McCluskey disputes the commerciality of the new song: "It's quite weird because people in America would say 'Enola Gay' or 'Tesla Girls' or 'Locomotion' were alternative music. Then we come along with 'So In Love' and 'If You Leave' and they were hits, and people here say, 'Oh, now you've changed and you're making commer-

Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark:
(L-R) Paul Humphreys, Andy McCluskey.

cial songs.' But over in Europe, they weren't hits and yet the other ones were. So, you can't really say that this is commercial and that isn't consciously commercial.

"It's all relative to whether it sells or it doesn't. We certainly didn't just sit down and write 'So In Love' as our first hit. I wouldn't say it's even our best, so then why was it a hit? It certainly wasn't the best thing we've ever written. It was just—at last—in the right place at the right time."

McCluskey and Paul Humphreys sat down and wrote their first hit, "Electricity" (an homage to Kraftwerk), at age sixteen. Their music has been colored by continual exploration—mimetic or otherwise—which has run the gamut from Gregorian-chant-inspired anthems of love to a union of Orchestral-Motown. Commercial success was solidified by their presence on the *Pretty in Pink* soundtrack.

"Now that we've got a larger audience, it's hard to know how many of those cult followers have turned their backs on us. Either because they didn't like the music, or they didn't like that we were no longer exclusively *their* band."

Although their audience may be a changing element, the dynamic between the duo is palpable: Humphreys is low-key (and married) while McCluskey is outspoken (and single). "I do a lot of the arranging, and Paul is really good with the sounds. Don't let me near a mixing disk—I'm lethal. I'm the one who gets everything louder than everything else and by the time I've finished mixing, everything is on full. I'm really bad at differentiating what's more important; that's why we really work well as a team."

"The times we disagree are usually over what would be a single. If Paul has written a song, I don't feel that close to it because it doesn't sound like what I would write. It's quite weird because it's like listening to a song from another band, because someone else has written it. But it's got your name on it because it is by somebody in O.M.D. It's a little hard to get your brain around it. The other times we have arguments are when Paul thinks that my ego is getting too big. And I think it isn't."

—Jessica Bendinger

A L I E N S E X F I E N D

Nik Fiend claims there is nothing mentally wrong with him, but then again he also worships Grandpa from "The Munsters." The highlight of this particular trip to New York City will be meeting Grandpa Munster, aka Al Lewis, at his restaurant in Greenwich Village. (Grandpa is prepared for the visit and is supposedly looking forward to meeting "a grown-up Eddie Munster.") Nik can hardly contain himself, but somehow manages to and tells me about another of his idols, Alice Cooper. "We opened seven dates for Alice in England, and when I met him I had some of our T-shirts stuffed down the crotch of my pants. I pulled one out and gave it to him. He just smelled it, opened it up, and smiled. That's my kind of friend."

Besides Nik, the other members of Alien Sex Fiend are Mrs. Fiend and Yasi Nightrizer. *Here Cam Gorms*, on Passport Records, is their seventh album. The music is Gothic synth-pop, and terribly danceable. Says Nik, "I don't think it's possible for other bands to rip us off, because we don't know what the hell it is we're doing."

"The Cramps are a very big influence on us. It's just brilliant that they were sitting around watching TV and then just started playing. It's sort of the basis for this band. We were watching *Emmerdale* and *Wild Women in Wange*. But there's room for everything—*The Addams Family*, *The Munsters*, and the Cramps."

—Alexandra



Courtesy Passport Records

THAT BLEEDIN' LIGGER NICKED ME PLECTRUM

Yo, Homeboy! You may be chill when it's time to get ill and, yes, those fly gurlies are in the vicinity of your jock, but when you put your street slang up against British rock 'n' roll jargon it comes off as pale as a Beastie Boy's heinie. Any country where a cigarette is a "fag," a bathroom is a "loo," and Morrissey is a "genius" has got a great imagination when it comes to neology. And since half the country is unemployed, there is a lot of free time to coin lingo like:

LIGGER—a backstage free-loader. This is the sort of person who thinks toothpicks are mainly something to remove food from, not with.

PUNTER—a paying customer.

PIGGER—a paying customer who somehow got backstage.

BOILER—a groupie.

DODGY BOILER—an ugly groupie, one that even the road crew would turn down.

BOILER ROOM—a small, out-of-the-way room big enough for two people, one of them standing.

TOUT—a ticket scalper.

SWAG MAN—a T-shirt seller or other merchandiser. Also known sometimes as "McLaren."

SLAG MAN—a writer for NME (see also "Wanker").

PLECTRUM—a guitar pick.

BOLSTER—a guitar strap.

MAIN—a guitar chord.

ME BLEEDIN' AX—a guitar (possessive).

IMPRESARIO—a concert promoter.

DODGY IMPRESARIO—a concert promoter without cocaine.

—Michael Corcoran

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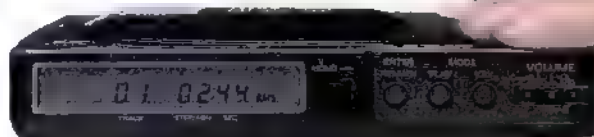
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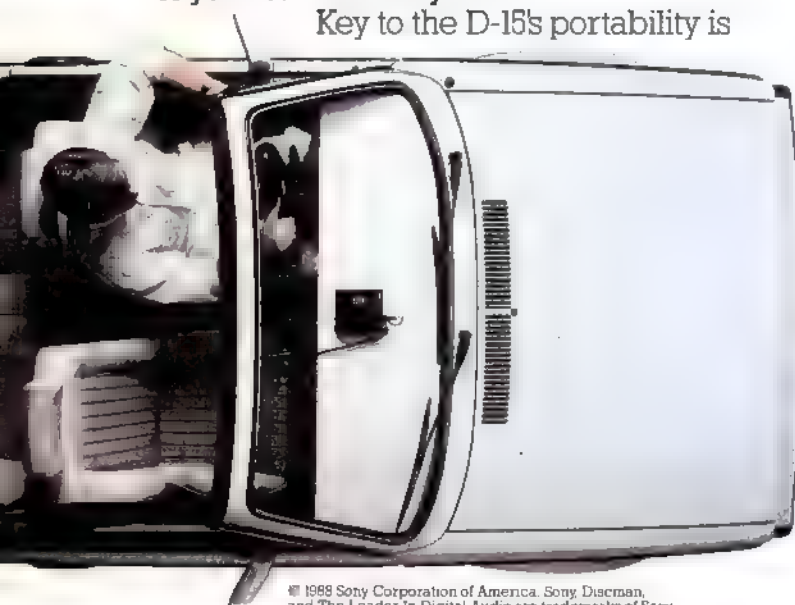


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G O O D G U Y S

The Good Guys know they're good. "When we toured North America with Simply Red in '86 we kicked them in the ass real hard," says frontman Jimi Gore with a grin.

The Good Guys are a happy, hip, slick dance band from Richmond, Virginia. They're also black, unsigned, and a little pissed off.

"You see," says Gore, "the people we have to kick in the ass are the record company people. They say, 'You're very versatile but we can't sell it.' Bullshit! Everybody we play for loves us. Sometimes I look at these bands getting signed, and I think 'What the fuck is wrong here? Who saw these mugs and signed them?' The record company people can't get it in their minds that a black person can play a distorted G chord. They can only see a white guy with long hair up there playing the same G chord, but to them that's rock 'n' roll. They forget where it came from."

Given five words to describe his band, Gore offers "danceable, optimis-



George DiBisce

tic, funk-rock-reggae"—a potpourri of styles that makes crowds dance and A&R people frown. The Good Guys are a live band, the kind that makes you smile whether you want to or not. They even sparked some life into a Gothic death mob when they opened for Leather Nun at CBGB's. Says bassist Charles Williams, "It all comes down to dancing and having a good time. We're not into being depressed and all that stuff. If a man can't live his life the way he wants to live it, then who's gonna live it for him? Nobody, that's the bottom line."

Right. So what's the problem?

"The music industry is suffocating itself," says Gore. "It's signing bands that sound like R.E.M. or Prince, and so you turn on the radio and it sounds like there are seventeen people in the whole music industry all doing the same music."

Brave New World of rock 'n' roll?

Says Gore, "'Rock 'n' roll' are the three most abused words in the world—except for, maybe, 'I love you.'"

—Celia Farber

Late Night With David Letterman

WACKY "LATE NIGHT WITH DAVID LETTERMAN" CONCEPTS

DAVE DOESN'T SHOW UP AT ALL DURING ENTIRE SHOW... SENDS IN A TAPE RECORDING INSTEAD.



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DAVE STOPS CUTTING HIS HAIR



SEAN PENN COMES ON SHOW AND PUNCHES DAVE.



A LEO KOWKEA PRODUCTION

YAKETY YAK

"He [Jonathan Richman] wrote 'Hey There Little Insect' in the back seat of my car—I always thought he'd been very afraid of insects before that, so it was kind of a personal revelation."

—Jerry Harrison

"For [your] high school reunion, you have to play the part. I'm gonna get the most massive limousine I can find. Take at least two girls, two obvious bimbos... One in each arm, and you walk in and say, 'Gee, I'm sorry I can't stay any longer, have to go to the Grammys. I'll wave to you from the TV.'"

—Terence Trent D'Arby

"I was in Texas last week, talking to people in a bookstore, and when I told them about our life at home, this big man in a cowboy hat said, 'Ya mean lu tell me y'all got TVs in Aff-ree-ca?'"

—Miriam Makeba

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Courtesy Frontier Records



THE PONTIAC BROTHERS

Ward Dotson, lead guitarist for the Pontiac Brothers, delicately tries to explain the title of their new album, *Johnson*. "Well, uh, it's your Douglas, your ying-yang, you know." "Put it this way," interjects burly bassist Kurt Bauman, "half the world's got one!" But seriously—why *Johnson*? Garrulous drummer and raconteur D.A. Valdez explains, "It's just really a generic name. If we put out the record in Vietnam, it'll be called *Nguyen*."

There are no rules in this band, except 1) Make the sound check and 2) No "151" before a show. "You've got the rest of the night to get wasted!" says Dotson. During a recent low-budget, high-energy gig at Maxwell's, lead singer Matt Simon proclaimed, "We're just one smoke machine away from being awesome!" The Pontiac Brothers have no roadies, wear whatever they have on that day, and rock out majarily—on a good night, they're one of the best post-punk rock 'n' roll bands around. Spearheaded by Dotson's guitar heroism and Simon's leather-lunged SoCal angst, they play melodic Seventies-influenced rock like it was coming into style. Not surprisingly, they've got a serious Next Big Thing buzz. This is a band that covers "I've Got a Feeling" and "Blitzkrieg Bop" in the same set, but they're still more punk than pop. "We're just being ourselves," says Dotson, looking a tad derfy in his sideways Phillies cap.

Legendary ex-Faces Ian McLagan plunked out honky-tonkin' piano on *Johnson*, besides telling the band lots of Rod Stewart stories. Sadly, none of them are fit for a family magazine like *SPIN*. When Dotson first called him up, McLagan asked two questions: "Is it rockin'?"—the answer a resounding YES!—and "How many chords it got?" Dotson replied "three or four" and McLagan said, "All-right! Let's go!"

Despite numerous comparisons, Dotson makes a big point of claiming that he doesn't know *Exile on Main Street* from a hole in the ground. "If you want to help us out, just don't mention the Stones in the story." Okay, I won't.

—Michael Azerrad

The Pontiac Brothers: (L-R) Kurt Bauman, Matt Simon, Ward Dotson, D.A. Valdez.

LUXURIA

Howard Devoto on his brilliant career: "I was in effect in the Buzzcocks for about six months, and I stopped. Magazine took a whole lot longer, but eventually I stopped. Did my solo album and stopped." He's started again, this time with a band called Luxuria (that's Latin for "lust"), a partner called Noko, and an album called *Unanswerable Lust*. Don't get the idea this stuff is as, uh, seminal as Buzzcocks classics like "Orgasm Addict." "The lust is more generalized," explains Devoto. "It's desire more generally: wanting things. There's some kind of a Buddhist slant—I'm toying with it and knocking it away at the same time. Yes. The idea of all suffering coming from craving; a state of desire, or ambition, or whatever aspect of it being what makes us human; a complete dilemma. Therefore unanswerable."

Luxuria is a continuation of the complex blending of pop game theory and punk dynamism that Devoto pioneered with Magazine. Balancing an arty formalism with an endless reservoir of passion, his sophisticated, detailed music still reconciles the contradictions of pop and the avant-garde the best way known: by ignoring them. And there's still Devoto's voice, an edgy, quarulous slice of theatrical genius. "I've bought knowledge at the cost of a complete loss of self-control," he sings in one song, and you believe it.

With guitarist Noko, whom he met two years ago through Buzzcocks cofounder Pete Shelley, Devoto has made an album of synthetic-funk-art that jams dense lyrical meditations on sex, money, celebrity, jealousy, and love against entwined melodies that, like the words, run from the bombastic to the delicate. Luxuria is by turns gorgeous and frightening, always unforgettable, and perhaps evil. Says Devoto, "We've still undeniably got to call it pop music, or rock music, or something, because that's certainly what me mum would say it is."

Starting one song ("Nile") with a passage from Proust and "very obliquely" basing another on his reading of *The Origin of Consciousness in the Breakdown of the Bicameral Mind*, Devoto has come up with some heady stuff. Chalk up the satisfying punch that puts it all across to Noko's admitted fondness, in principle if not in practice, for the post-Glenn Branca school of guitar. Says Noko, "[That's] a music that uses an almost completely visceral kick. I think that is something that is a very useful device. There's a sort of striving for purity in that—certainly theoretically attractive if not always pleasant. No one's really ever done it properly yet, but I think the ideas have potential." He exploits that potential in songs like "Redneck," which begins with kettle drums pounding and mounting guitar chatter and moves into what Noko calls "very formally structured usages." *Unanswerable Lust* is the top-of-the-pops hit Sonic Youth will never have.

—J. Allen Levy



Luxuria: (L-R) Howard Devoto, Noko.

Donna Raimen

INFORMATION

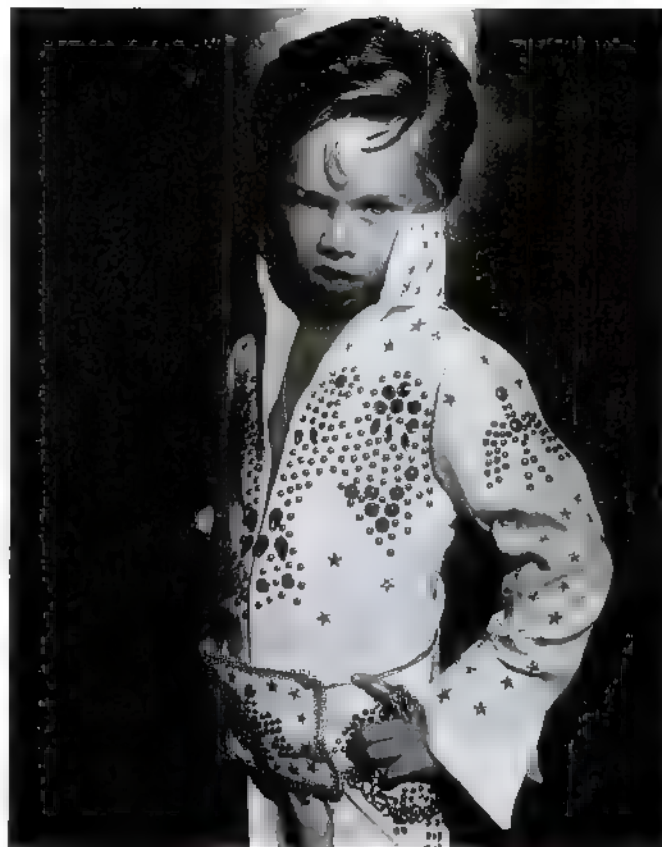
WISSED

This Pint's for You: **Bob Geldof** is peddling milk on British TV. In a commercial for the **British dairy industry**, Geldof appears onscreen, playing a song on his **guitar**. The song doesn't sound quite right, so Geldof throws the guitar down and heads for the fridge, saying, "**There's only one thing to do at a time like this.**" Out comes a bottle of milk, which he proceeds to gulp down. Why is Geldof, who has done so much for world hunger, promoting milk? It's high in **cholesterol** and **saturated fats**, and contributes to

colon cancer, which the British are **particularly susceptible** to. ▲ **Status Quo** has apologized to the **United Nations** for performing at **Sun City**. ▲ While in Los Angeles recording his next LP, **Ozzy Osbourne** paid yet another visit to the **Sunset Strip Tattoo Parlor**. Ever the addictive type, Ozzy acquired his fifteenth tattoo—the word "THANKS" was inscribed on the palm of his right hand. ▲ **Memphis School of Economics** update: In 1973, Colonel Tom Parker

sold the master tapes to **700 Elvis Presley songs** to RCA for **\$5.4 million**. This financial maneuver cost Elvis, and ultimately his estate, the royalties to such songs as "Love Me Tender," "Don't Be Cruel," "Hound Dog," and (even) "In the Ghetto." There's a lesson in here somewhere. ▲ **Deejay** and **ex-Housemartin Norman Cook** has been imprisoned for participating in a **warehouse party riot** in Brighton. Cook was initially sentenced to **28 days**, but was found in contempt of court and given **another two months** after he told the judge, "You can't do this to me, you old git. I'm on Go! Discs, I've mixed a **James Brown** record, I've had ■ Christmas Number One. Lock me away and my fans will tear off your testicles!" ▲ Now available for immediate consumption (and with an 800-number to boot): A video tape of every **TV commercial** broadcast by the Democrat and Republican candidates who have participated in the current super-bland **election** process. The tape includes every spot that appeared from before the Iowa caucuses through the Michigan caucuses, about sixty ads, arranged end-to-end chronologically. Hey, only \$75. (800) 243-4401. ▲ After 16 years on the road, **Gene Simmons** of Kiss has accumulated a collection of over **2,000 Polaroids** of different women with whom he's been intimately involved. About ninety percent are **nudes**. "One time I asked a girl to lie down naked in ■ hotel hallway and scream, 'Gene Simmons is my god.' Everybody on the floor poked their heads out

of their rooms," says Simmons. "Another ten to fifteen percent got away. That is, they didn't want to be photographed. A photo is incriminating. And not everybody is single." What have his steadier girlfriends—such as **Diana Ross** and, lately, **Playmate of the Year Shannon Tweed**—thought of his hobby? "They've understood. I open my book of snapshots and show them. I say, 'This is me.' And then we move on to more substantial subjects."



David Hughes

A fan at Graceland on the tenth anniversary of Elvis's death (also the day of the Harmonic Convergence).

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three



RAILWAY CHILDREN

RECURRENCE

FEATURING "PLEASURE" AND "IN THE MEANTIME"

From Wigan, outside Manchester, England, comes the reflective music of Railway Children. Originally on Factory Records, home of Joy Division and New Order, the group has enjoyed two No. 1 singles and a No. 1 E.P. in Britain.



CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN

OUR BELOVED REVOLUTIONARY SWEETHEART

FEATURING "EYE OF FATIMA"

Hailing from Santa Cruz, the band's popularly-acclaimed independent releases have finally succumbed to a major label debut. Hyphen-hyphen ethno-everything descriptions don't do justice to Camper's certifiably odd and enjoyable foragings.



AMBITIOUS LOVERS

GREED

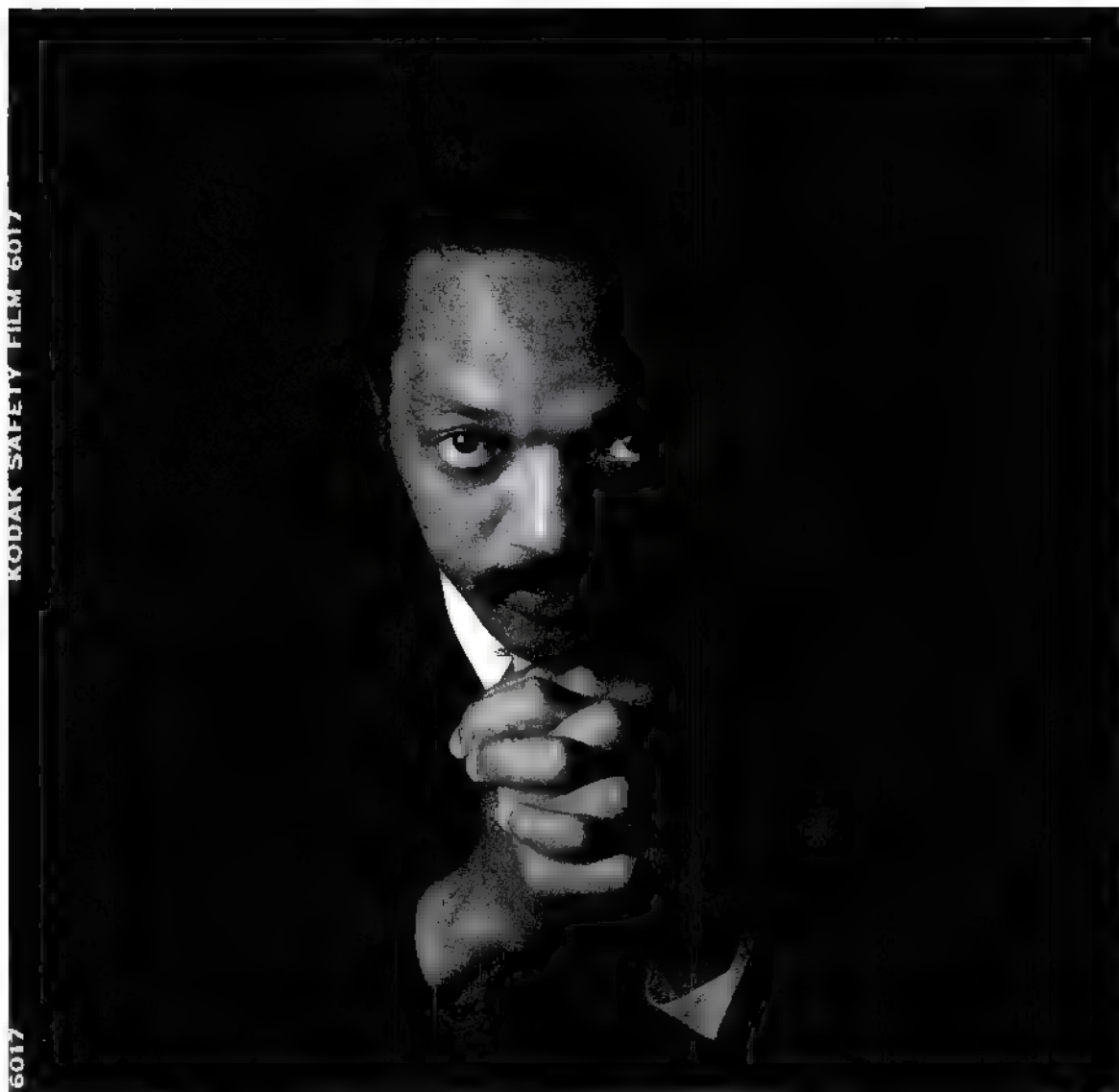
FEATURING "LOVE OVERLAP"

A former member of the Lounge Lizards and the Golden Palominos, American-born, Brazilian-raised Arto Lindsay joins Swiss emigre keyboardist/songwriter Peter Shore for this album of cerebral samba.



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It'll be Bush
or Dukakis's
White House, but
it was Jesse's
campaign.



the third man

Los Angeles

Last year, Los Angeles was gripped by an epidemic of motorists shooting other motorists while driving on the endless freeways that wrap the city. Tonight, in a conference room in the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel, we are putting up with the bastard child of those shootings, a noisy toy called the Terminator, designed for L.A. drivers to relieve their hatred of

each other harmlessly. We're waiting for Jesse Jackson. He is an hour late for his press conference to discuss the Oregon primary results. Most of the assembled press have been traveling with him for months now, since their respective organizations started to take Jackson's campaign seriously. Restless, they fire their Terminators into the heart of their boredom. The toy makes a shrill, whirring sound like a video game.

Against the wall, a TV with the sound turned way

down whispers the day's news. When a report about the couple in St. Louis charged with plotting to assassinate Jackson comes on, everyone gathers around to watch, although it's impossible to hear what's being said because no one turned the sound up. After that story, a visual on the screen shows that with 34 percent of the returns already in in Oregon, Dukakis has a commanding 64 to 33 percent lead.

When he finally arrives a few minutes later, he

Article by Bob Guccione, Jr.

**"I was born in the slum, but
the slum was not born in me."**

certainly resentful of circumstance, and who Dr. Martin Luther King once told "Jesse, you have no love." Physically imposing, with the confident, sexually smooth posture of an athlete, his eyes are the scared eyes of a hurt child, the broken windows of a scarred soul.

From the beginning—the real beginning, way, way back when he joined Dr. King's civil rights train by jumping a barricade in Selma and, uninvited and unknown, gave a speech at the rally, addressing the crowd before King and Abernathy and the others realized they didn't know where he came from—the question was always, "Is this for blacks/the movement/the American people, or is this for Jesse?" It's a question worn smooth so that it no longer has any meaning, and no one notices that it doesn't get an answer.

Like all riddles good enough to sustain interest, this one has its conflicting, and neutralizing, theories. Depending on who you listen to, including Jackson, he is either completely committed to the common man, divinely (not just mortally) ordained to lead, or else he is an exceptionally gifted opportunist, virtually unhindered by conscience, who climbed over the slain body of King with the same smooth athleticism and speed of thought that he jumped that barricade in Selma, bending but not breaking the motion to stoop and smear the fallen leader's blood on the sweater that he would wear for the next two days to confirm his anointment; who never stopped, to this day, hurdling anything in his way, including the dubious or at least disorganized history of PUSH, stumbling on political gaffes, but keeping his feet; and who will not stop, especially now, although he will eventually be stopped in his run for the Presidency, this time. It is simplistic to say Jackson is both, but he is at least that. What makes Jackson's campaign so impactful, so momentous, is that it is the sum of both truths. And it doesn't matter if any of it is mythology, if any of the things Jackson has said or that are said about him are lies, as each side so often accuses, because by now all that's relevant is the impact he's having and has had, the change he's already made.

Because whether anybody was ready or not, or likes it or not, Jesse Jackson is a political messiah. He may not be what everybody had in mind, but he's what we got. It's as if for the second coming, Jesus Christ came back as a bookie.

Fresno

He hits the stage at the high school auditorium with the unhurried, sexual cockiness of a Prince or Eddie Murphy. The assembly goes wild. Signs wave frantically and the applause and cheering is devotional. Moments before his appearance, just the sense that it was imminent charged the crowd, like when the lights dim before a concert. "I love you,

Bruce Talmon/ONYX



looks drained but indomitable. He approaches the podium like the manager of a team that has just lost game five of the World Series, coming out of the locker room for the post-game interview. Before he gets there, he is zapped. All Terminators go off at once and the room is enveloped in an electronic cacophony. Jackson stops dead, turns to the reporters, smiles, and exhales: "In-sane, insane."

He is obviously tired and disappointed, and just as obviously on automatic. He says he understands he has pulled about 40 percent of the vote and he is encouraged, history is being made, about three and a half times as many people voted for him this time as last time. A local reporter interrupts to say from the reports he has heard, Jackson's tally is closer to 30 percent—does this still encourage him? It does. It doesn't change anything one whit. Jackson's message—his mission—is getting out to the people. The juggernaut (some would call it a ghost juggernaut, finally) is rolling on. Inexorable, undefeatable.

He is asked about the news from St. Louis, and he responds by commending the Secret Service for doing an excellent job of arresting the plotters. Then he says that there will always be people who want to bust dreams but he will never let them keep him from dreaming. A couple of questions later, he repeats the dream busters line. There's a glow that comes over him when he creates a punchline he likes. His tone elevates from the flat, mechanical response (to the admittedly flat, mechanical questioning), to a warm, seductive voice.

Suddenly and smoothly he concludes the press conference, already away from the podium before you realize he's going. Someone shouts out, "Reverend, in light of the assassination attempt in St. Louis, will you be doing anything to beef up your security?"

Jackson stops. "No . . . no, I don't see any need to." Then he points to the camera crews banked at the back of the room. "I'm just going to keep an eye out for those guys with their noisemakers."

The next morning he has a meeting with 50 prominent Jewish leaders of Los Angeles. Judging from the press conference (this time in the bar on the ground floor, packed and electric with anticipation) it was an unqualified success (although various newspaper reports gave mixed verdicts). Rabbi Allen Freehling opens the conference with a glowing testimonial for Jackson, who stands to his left in a blue suit with a red tie and handkerchief in the breast pocket, looking completely refreshed, in fact exuberant. Rabbi Freehling has bought the Jackson pitch and is delighted with it, and in fact is proudly and pedantically and somewhat interminably showing it off. Jackson begins to look a touch bored. He's still exultant but impatient. He's done the hard part—convincing the local Jewish community that he's truly repentant for his hymie remarks, and shares the same struggles—and now he wants to get on to the next project. He enjoys the confirmation of his triumph, but will enjoy his own speech more and wants to get to it. Another Rabbi speaks briefly and says much the same things. Then it's Jackson's turn. During his speech, members of the Jewish Defense League protesting outside bang on the windows. A few Secret Service agents and uniformed police run outside to stop them, one gets the sense not for disturbing the peace as much as disturbing the train of Jackson's thought.

A reporter trying to understand Jackson is like Icarus flying towards the sun, get too close and you'll be pulled into the heat and mass of his enigma. From a safe distance you can observe him and his historic campaign and draw an understanding, if not entirely what they're about, then at least what they mean.

Jesse Jackson is a man of disturbing and compelling paradoxes: an inspirational visionary who is often self-destructively stubborn; a compassionate, extroverted, public statesman, who needs to move among people as a shark must keep moving to stay alive, yet overwhelmingly private, by most accounts an emotionally closed man, probably bitter,

too!" he tells them. "He always says that," a reporter tells me, leaning over to be heard above the din.

Jackson starts by telling the crowd, a mixture of black, white, and Hispanic, that his mother-in-law, who was born "in deprived conditions," and who at forty-nine went back to high school, just graduated from college in Virginia, at age sixty-one. The crowd applauds enthusiastically. George Bush doesn't have a mother-in-law who graduated college in her sixties, or had to wait until her late fifties to attend.

The will to make a difference, he is saying now. The will to make America strong. The will to make America better. The voice is strong, steady, perfectly paced. He calls for Jonathan Clark. A black child about four years old is brought up on stage by his mother, who nudges him along in front of her. The crowd receives them delightedly and whoops and applauds as Jackson leans into the microphone and says "Bring that baby here!" He bends down and kisses the shy toddler, which the crowd loves, and then mother and child withdraw to fading applause and Jackson testifying again:

"In some real sense I want to relate my time today, and focus, with a dedication to Jonathan Clark. The challenge to save our children. Will we find fulfillment in, and invest in, our children? Will we fulfill the promise?"

"Yesterday, May 17, was the thirty-fourth anniversary of the Supreme Court decision making separate but equal illegal." He plays his voice like a trumpet, modulating his enunciation and phrasing in a dramatic scale of emphasis. "Because it was truly separate and never equal. Thirty-four years ago. And here we are—thirty-four years later—not

segregation based upon race, based upon class ["Yeah" called out]. Based upon caste ["Yeaah" from more people now]. In Massachusetts, some high school students have \$5000 a year spent on them, others \$1600. Some live in the miracle, and some live in the misery. We must fight for equal funding for education ["Yeah"] and the government must help smooth out the rough places. It must insure equal protection under the law for all our children ["Yeah," "Right"]. Equal Protection. Equal Funding. Equal access. To approximate equal results. We'll pay now, we'll pay later. If we invest in day care, it's a way to make women more independent [enthusiastic response], raise children in a better environment [strong applause]—Pay now, pay later [applause]. One year of high school per person costs less than \$3000. One year of County Jail costs more than \$20,000 [rising applause]. You're gonna pay now, pay later. Four years of state university will cost less than \$30,000, four years of Soledad, full penitentiary scholarship [laughter and some applause], cost more than \$120,000."

He gets a standing ovation. His voice is raised, his arms straight as he grips the sides of the lectern, his frame and posture more than erect, they're filled with that union Jesse Jackson truly has with his own soul when he is exorcising demons, casting out, for the moment at least, the despair and the resignation that each person in the hall has brought with them. Into, through, and for the crowd he is saying: "I'm discussing direction of priorities. I choose to invest in Headstart, in public education ["Right"] and day care, and pre-natal care, on the frontside of life, rather than jail-care, welfare on the backside of life!"

The crowd are back on their feet. This time he waits for them to stop.

He talks about thirty-four years ago blacks being "programmed for inferiority" and how the first time he was arrested was in the library trying to read the books. "It was against the law" he says, the words sharp, distinct notes from the trumpet.

"The invitation says, 'Give me your tired, your poor, your hungry masses who yearnnn to breathe free.' Not your rich, your vital, your powerful, but your tire-ed. Not your English only, your tired. Your poor who yearn to breathe free! The great American promise is not limited by language. If the Statue of Liberty invitation said 'English only,' you could've got most of the Americans in Rhode Island! We must be an expanding country, bigger than one race, bigger than one religion. Expand language. Expand culture. We'll be growing! Building! Jobs in Latin America! That's what makes America great [applause].

"I believe [speaking through it]—I believe in English plus. Not English only. English plus. Next door to us there are forty million Latin Americans, forty million neighbors, allies, customers. They have to buy a lot of their grain from us. But they can't buy it and we can't sell it. They have to pay off interest on bad loans. They can't buy it, we can't sell it—they starve and our family farmers go belly up. Reduce their debts, it'll reduce our deficit. The last seven years, Reagan and Bush era, they've been sending down guns for drugs, they've spent over \$10 billion dollars chasing three million Sandinistas and protecting us from 13,000 contras. We should spend \$10 billion chasing poverty, illiter-

Continued on page 78



"ALL YOU COPY CATS OUT THERE GET OFFA MY TIP! 'CAUSE I'M JAMES BROWN WITH FULL FORCE— AIN'T TAKING NO LIP!"*

There are lots of rappers biting his style—but there's only one James Brown! Now, The Godfather Of Soul returns with the power of hitmakers, Full Force, behind him—and James Brown never sounded so *bad*!

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SOME
LOVE
THE
THAT
TDK
HIGH
AUDIO
CASSETTES
FEATURE
A DUAL
LAYER
VIBRATION
DAMPENING
SHELL
THAT
EFFECTIVELY
DECREASES
MODULATION
NOISE



TDK **REAL**



SOME

JUST

WANT

th

Music



TDK **REAL**



Roger Gandy

UNDERGROUND



For some reason there have been a lot of decent live shows around here lately. Probably my number one fave was by Sweden's Union Carbide Production—who tendered stupefying minimalist dunt that made everybody present wanna tear their clothes off. However, I already wrote about their one rec, so let's turn our evil eyes toward the guy whose show was second best, only because it didn't generate the urge to disrobe. I am referring, of course, to **Michael Hurley**, a.k.a. Elwood Snock.

Hurley's name should be familiar to anyone who can tell a rectal thermometer from a piece of gum, but

since there are so few people with truly discriminating palates, I'll run you through his output anyway.

Hurley's phonographic debut, *First Songs* (Folkways, 701 1st Ave., New York, NY), was recorded in 1964, when he presumably still roamed the wilds of Bucks County, PA. Like his fellow Bucksians, Jesse Colin Young and Steve Weber, Michael knew how to turn a beer, a guitar, and a headful of clouds into several minutes of fine tunage. The cover picture may make him look like an innocent backwoods teen, but he sounds like a hooting malt-frog. His guitar keeps things simple, his lyrics joke it up, his voice cracks up into an occasional yodel, and choruses like "Stars are rolling in and out of my ears" hint at an early acceptance of truly higher consciousness. *First Songs* features the public debut of "The Werewolf Song"—a beautiful piece of darkness that is to Hurley's career as "You're Gonna Miss Me" is to Roky Erickson's. Bodacious.

Apart from the Holy Modal Rounders' cover of "Werewolf" on their *Moray Eels* album, nothing more from the Hurley songbook surfaced until 1971: In that momentous year

Armchair Boogie was released on Raccoon Records, the short-lived custom label that Warner Bros. allowed the Youngbloods to set up when they left RCA. Recorded at home in Brookline, MA, with limited instrumental help, the LP is a winner from the word go. The cover features one of Hurley's great cartoonish paintings, a comic book entitled "Boone and Jocko in the Barren Choking Land" came with the set, and the album was as comfortable as spending a night drinking with a favorite cousin. Songs include an updated "Werewolf," the first run-through of the immaculate "Open Up (Eternal Lips)," and a tale of bumming through Greenwich Village called "Sweedeedee" that features the timeless chorus, "Oh, she bugger me/She bugger me/Oh man, she'd bugger you." Indeed.

Hurley's third LP was 1972's *Hi Fi Snock Uptown* (Raccoon). With Michael Kane, Joe Bauer, and Banana functioning as the Elwood Snock Combo, Hurley shuffles like a mofo on this one. Turning his vocal crackle into melodious notes of a "mock trumpet," introducing "Blue Driver" (a signature song whose evolution

**Michael Hurley,
Tall Trees,
Vaselines, assorted
singles,
Baboon Dooley**

**Column by Byron
Coley**

continues unabated today), "Eyes Eyes" (as hauntingly melancholic a song as has ever been bopped), and "Uncle Bob's Corner" (a high water mark for western philosophical banter), Hurley is at his most appealing on this record. Naturally it's been out of print almost since its release date.

Hurley's next effort has fared somewhat better. Recorded with fellow travelers the Clamtone and the Un-

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UNDERGROUND

holy Modal Rounders, *Have Moicy!* (Rounder, 1 Camp St., Cambridge, MA 02144) has been pretty much available since the moment it first appeared in '76. Hailed by everybody from "Butch" Christgau to Chris Stills as a major, major effort, it's a real goddamn joy to listen to. Among its many charms are two more of Hurley's bonafide classics—"Sweet Lucy" (a yam of hillbilly lust powered by some of Peter Stampfel's best-ever fiddling) and "The Slurf Song" (a serendipitous tale of a meal that begins with a wishbone and ends with a turd and a dirty dish, which Anglofan Nigel Cross reckons to be Hurley's all-time number one). Essential lapping.

Released at virtually the same instant as *Moicy!* was a Hurley solo platter entitled *Long Journey* (Rounder); while it is not as thoroughly transcendent, it is as friendly as a big plate of fried chicken. Elwood is backed by a small combo that introduces some instruments (such as pedal steel guitar) never observed

accompanying his mellifluidity before. Two more "standards" emerge in the process—"Hog of the Forsaken" and "The 8-Ball Cafe" (perhaps the most superb recorded example of Hurley's proficiency at the mouth-click "gesture"). As spiritually calming as one of those sixty-cent Rolling Rocks at the old Broadway Charlie's.

Doc Snock next emerged in 1980 with *Snockgrass* (Rounder). Recorded in Vermont with local musicians, this album's sound is as comforting as shovelful of snow thwacking against your shed's tin roof. For one fuggin' reason or another however (some say it was the "porno" cover, others the stupid new-wave-rules ethos of the day), *Snockgrass* never received its well-deserved due. The LP contains pure gorgeousity in "O My Stars" and "Watchin' the Show," and funny autobio waffling in "Automatic Slim and the Fat Boys" and "I Heard the Voice of a Porkchop." Maybe you're too-oo moderne to grapple with the bearishness of it all; then again, you're probably smarter than that.

Hurley laid low for most of the early Eighties, finally emerging in '84

with *Blue Navigator* (Rooster, RFD#2, Bethel, VT 05032). Recorded once again in the deep Vermont bush, this album is so low-key that it seems to waver before your eyes. The songwriting is as excellent as ever (indeed, two songs—"Werewolf" and "Open Up (Eternal Lips)"—are reprises, and the title track is an update of "Blue Driver"), but Snock's performance is quite laconic, and the band's delivery is not, uh, thought-provoking. It does showcase a few good new tunes, notably "Code of the Mountains" (an existential tale of wine-drinking animals living in the wild), but it is required listening only for confirmed Snockophiles.

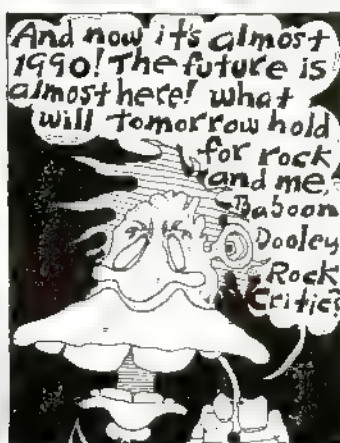
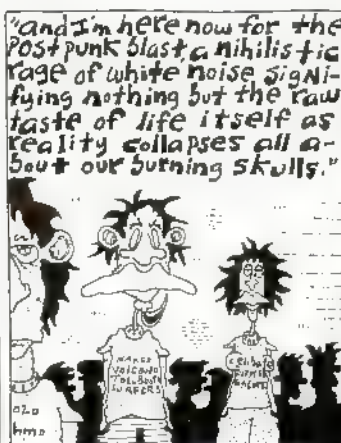
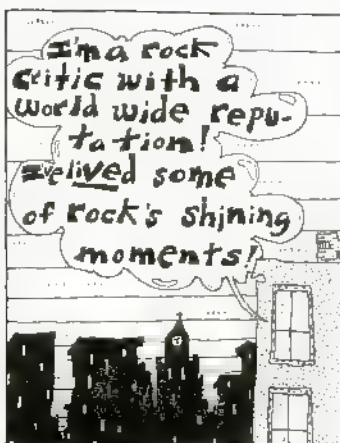
Hurley's latest, *Watertower* (Fundamental, PO Box 2309, Covington, GA 30209), is a return to form. Several of the best songs he's been developing in his live shows transfer to vinyl with great style—"The Revenant" (a werewolf paean that may eventually eclipse its topical predecessor), "I Still Could Not Forget You Then" (as perfect a mix of yucks 'n' yearn as anything yet waxed), and "Broadcasting the Blues" (a dandy

polemical blout aimed at those who keep CBs in their Cadillacs). It's as good a place to begin your investigation of Doc Snock as I can find.

And if you want some visual stimulation to accompany your investigations through the maze of Hurley (apart from his great cover illos, which have graced each disc from *Armchair Boogie* on), you may be interested in purchasing a comic book or two. Available titles are *Uncle Caspary Joins the Bogart Navy* and *Uncle Caspary in Track Sidetrack*, both of which feature the immortal Boone and Jocko. They are available from Hurley for \$5.00 apiece, at 112 S. Pine St., Richmond, VA 23220.

Relief is finally available to all those hoties who missed out on the splendor of *Drunks With Guns* two EPs. Chopper Records (5436 Wynne Rd. SW, Roanoke, VA 24018) has combined the two seven-inchers and a bonus track into a monster of an eponymous LP. Anyone not familiar with this awesomely splurging/grinding St. Louis combo is in for one hell of a meat-fed treat. This is the kinda

Baboon Dooley Rock Critic Models a Comely Bathing Suit!



sound that roars outta God's toilet after the Roto Rooter man's been through town.



New Zealand record of the month has to be the new LP by the **Tall Dwarfs**, *Dogma* (Flying Nun import). This duo ignites your brain by rubbing pan-generic inventions together hard, and this new record covers more stylistic space than most of its precursors. The selections all seem to attack the religious-medical-complex, but the music is pleasant enough to pass itself off as remodeled Bonzo Dog Band-style lyricism. In fact, the whole project resembles the early solo work of Vivian Stanshall in its ability to swing so well that you don't realize how goddamn odd its center really is.



The eponymous second EP by Scotland's **Vaselines** (53rd & 3rd import via K, Box 7154, Olympia, WA 98507) has the look and sound of this week's flavor. But hey, I've eaten worse things. Whatever, the heply smurfed-out couple that comprise the Vaselines know just enough moves to come up with a real pleasant piece of post-Beat Happening/post-Pastels pop-fluff that has a weird wiggly wire hidden somewhere deep inside. More feedback would make this a whole lot smarter and there's a whole raft of my friends who'd kill me if they ever saw a record this fruity in my room, but what the heck.

Oh yeah, my doctor wrote and said

it's time to do another quick survey of singles, so, uh, why not?

First recommender is **Savage Republic's** "Viva La Rock and Roll" (\$4.50 from Independent Project, 544 Mateo, L.A., CA 90013). Produced in a numbered, letter-pressed edition of 700, this is as beautiful as most of the band's objects have been. The performance of Mark Perry's tune is coarse, the B-side features an engraving of the Savage Republic's palm-tree logo, and fifty cents from each record's price is donated to the Big Mountain Land Resistance Force.

America's irresponsibly heroes, **Panther Burns**, recently made a trek to Australia; as evidence we have "Red Headed Woman/She's a Bad Motorcycle" (Au Go Go, Box 542D, Melbourne 3001, Victoria, Australia). If you ever wanted to hear slop transformed into food of the gods, you could do about a million times worse.

From Minneapolis, the **Mighty Mofos** have been pretty silent since their disappointing mini-LP in '86, but "Mindreader" (Treehouse, Box 80037, Minneapolis, MN 55408) shows 'em to be in fighting trim. Ostensibly a teaser for their upcoming LP, this beaut has a coupla non-LP cuts on its blue vinyl B-side that show the band to've gotten pretty far beyond their amphetamine roots. Sheer speed has turned into heavy, bluesy pound. It'll make a nice puddle on your forehead.

The output of Germany's **Part Time Punx** has never impressed me too much, but when they join chanteuse Martina for "Mehr Von Dir" on their new 45 (Orgasm, Obertotstr. 6, 6293 Lohnberg, W. Germany), the results are maxist. The churn of fuzzy, scuzzy late-Seventies-style California punk gets bonded to a voice that sounds like it belongs to one of the Hangman's Beautiful Daughters. On yellow vinyl, produced by the genius of Eric Hyster.

Seattle's **U-Men** bug the flesh off me live, but their records always pinch some ginch. Their "Freeze-bomb/That's Wild About Jack" (Amphetamine Reptile, 2636 Lyndale Ave. S. #4, Minneapolis, MN 55408) is no exception. Chewing at the edges of post-punk punk rock like some big ugly hog eating the brains out of a little baby, this honey's a guaranteed hide-tanner.

Impossible to describe, equally impossible to ignore is the **Last Trax** 7-inch (Trax import), which comes with a 60-page book and a variety of other inserts. It is (apparently) the final project of an Italian collective dedicated to the mixing of word/sound/xerographic art/etc. The book details each of the projects they created during six fruitful years, the inserts are fun to spill on a table, and the record offers a Euro sorta take on goofball Residentialism. Overwhelming.

in Iceland...

paganism is an official religion
northern lights fill the skies with eerie beauty
and gods and ghosts abound

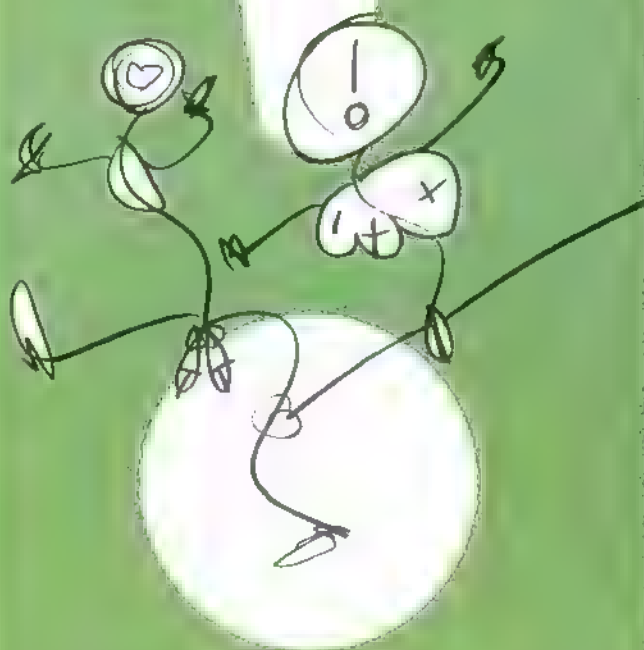
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the sugarcubes

at the summit of alternative rock

life's too good
an audacious debut

featuring "birthday"
and "cold sweat"



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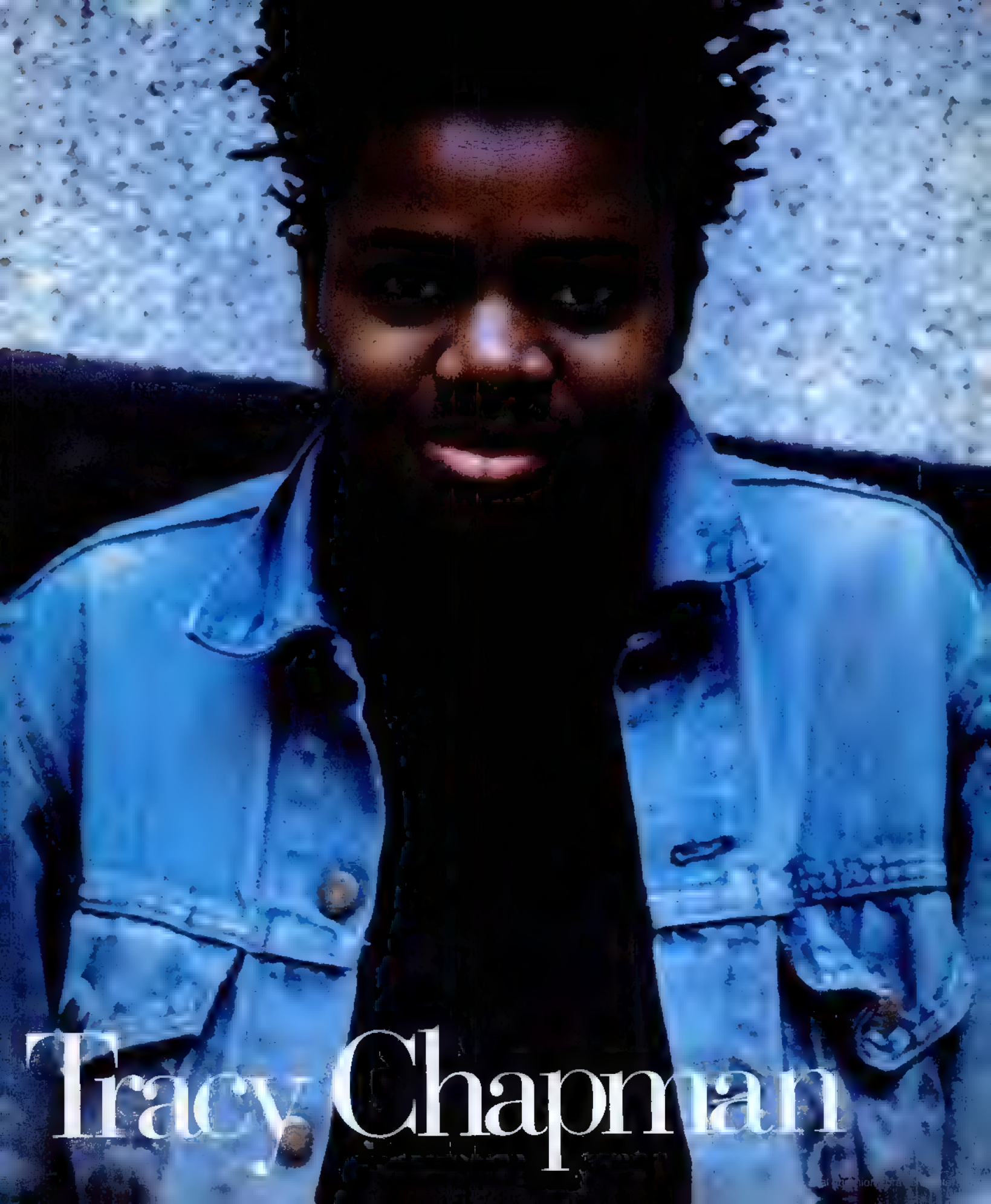


Shy, talented, and reserved, Tracy Chapman put aside graduate school and a career in anthropology for a chance to sing her mind. People are listening. "I heard a Tracy Chapman record the other day," says Neil Young, "and I said to myself, 'This girl is great, she's got the light.' "

It's not easy to pay Tracy Chapman a compliment. Try to tell the twenty-four-year-old singer/songwriter from Boston that her debut album contains some of the most riveting music you've heard in quite some time and the response is a sudden darting away of the eyes and a turn of the head as she tries to hide the sheepish grin that's sneaked onto her face. After a split second, though, she's back looking straight at you, open and forthright, order restored. It's no different a few hours later when she's onstage at Chicago's Vic Theatre. Out on her first tour, opening for 10,000 Maniacs and performing solo, she sings her songs—songs about people in trouble, songs about people trying to find themselves, songs that look straight at you, open and forthright—and when the audience (most of whom have never heard of her before) pays her the compliment of enthusiastic applause, Chapman barely lets it take hold, deflecting the sheepish grin of satisfaction down and away, where the crowd won't really see it, before returning to the microphone and the serious work at hand. Vanity, one suspects, will have a hard time making headway with this budding star.

One also suspects it will not be easy to *not* know who Tracy Chapman is before very long. Her album, released in early April, has raised critical eyebrows, and with good reason: on it, she rather emphatically establishes herself as a skillful, insightful composer whose songs strike up residence in some pretty unlikely neighborhoods in the city of Eighties pop music. Travelling through Tracy's songs, one is confronted by homeless families ("Fast Car"), domestic violence ("Baby Can I Hold You"), righteous anger at the socio-political structure of present-day America ("Why?"), and, perhaps inevitably, a still-hopeful call to arms ("Talkin' Bout a Revolution"). But if you're ready to pigeonhole her as a protest singer, you'd best take note of both her stance—there's not an ounce of smugness about her—and her eclectic musical bent, which encompasses everything from folk to reggae to African music to blues to R&B to soul. What you can classify her as is a female artist who, like some others who've shown up of late (Suzanne Vega, Nanci Griffith, and Michelle Shocked, to name but a few) is being discovered by a growing audience that is coming to its music ready to think as well as listen.

Article by Billy Altman
Photography by Chris Carroll



Tracy Chapman

It's not easy to get Tracy Chapman to talk about her songs. "It's hard to be a commentator on your own work and try and analyze what you've written when sometimes you don't even know what you've done," she says. "That's why I write songs and I don't write books. People always want to know about the person that writes, and the easiest thing to do is assume that they write about themselves and that you can gain insight into what the writer thinks and feels. But that's not necessarily true. In songs, you take on different personas and different characters, and try and put yourself in their place. Plus, I think that if you go about explaining everything about a song, it's gone." The farthest she'll go is to acknowledge that there are certain themes that seem to surface regularly in her work. "I'm concerned with how the individual finds his or her way in the world, and what they do when they realize they're either in or out," she says, and though she doesn't consider herself a political writer ("In my mind, everything is interconnected; in some form or other, politics is part of everything"), she does admit that "I have a lot of concern over the fact that people are generally very passive in their lives, and for lots of different reasons choose not to act at times when they should—when morally it's their responsibility to do something. 'Behind the Wall' is clearly about what do you do, when do you intervene."

It's not easy to listen to "Behind the Wall." Talk about direct: The song, about a woman who is beaten (quite possibly killed) by her husband in their apartment while her neighbors do nothing to help, is performed a cappella by Chapman, and the effect is harrowing, almost as much because of the stark resignation in her voice as for the tragedy it so forcefully depicts:

"Last night I heard the screaming
Loud voices behind the wall
Another sleepless night for me
It won't do no good to call
The police
Always come late
If they come at all
And when they arrive
They say they can't interfere
With domestic affairs
Between a man and his wife
And as they walk out the door
The tears well up in her eyes
Last night I heard the screaming
Then a silence that chilled my soul
I prayed that I was dreaming
When I saw the ambulance in the road
And the policeman said
'I'm here to keep the peace
Will the crowd disperse
I think we all could all use some sleep'"

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Rabbit Music ASCAP

It's not easy to write songs like "Behind the Wall," or "Across the Line," which documents an inner city race riot ("In the back streets of America, they kill the dream of America") without having been there. Tracy Chapman has. She grew up in Cleveland in the late Sixties and early Seventies in a



"It's hard to try and analyze what you've written when sometimes you don't even know what you've done. That's why I write songs and I don't write books."

part of town which, at the time, was in transition from predominantly white to heavily integrated. As often happens in major cities during periods like this, businesses began deserting the area, and public services went into noticeable decline. Chapman's mother, herself a part-time singer ("weddings, church events, things like that," she recalls), encouraged her daughter's musical interests, but Cleveland's notoriously bad public school system offered her little hope of getting a good education. It was through a nationwide program called ABC (A Better Chance) that Tracy got a scholarship to go to a private school in Danbury, Connecticut. "I hadn't even seen the school before I went there," she says, "but the chance was too good to turn down." It was at this time that Chapman, who'd been writing songs since before she was a teenager, started hearing the contemporary folk music of Dylan, Crosby, Stills & Nash, and Bonnie Raitt. Encouraged by her peers, she began performing in public, and by the time she reached Tufts University in Medford, Massachusetts, she was playing somewhere—either in a Boston folk club or on Harvard Square street corners—virtually every weekend.

It's not easy juggling a singing career with an anthropology major, which Chapman did until her graduation in 1986. "I didn't really want to think about pursuing a profession in music until after I got my degree," she says, and while she did consider continuing the academic life in graduate school, music ultimately won out. Her family was supportive throughout, she says, although she does confess that "I think they always felt I should have majored in something more practical than anthropology—like pre-med or pre-law—so I was a lost cause anyway." And while she'd rarely played anywhere outside the Boston-Cambridge club scene, her work there and her music impressed Elektra Records (where she was brought through a college friend).

It's not easy going out on the road for the first time under any circumstances, let alone opening for a band like 10,000 Maniacs, but Tracy Chapman is proving that a voice, a guitar, and some extraordinarily good songs can find a home anywhere, even in Chicago's boisterous Vic Theatre. The club, which has open areas for standing and dancing, table service for the waitress crowd, and an upstairs balcony for those who'd rather act like they're at a sit-down concert, isn't what you'd call the ideal venue for a solo performer. But when Chapman sings "Fast Car," about the terrible ongoing cycle of underclass life, her performance is so stop-you-dead-in-your-tracks overpowering that the audience actually breaks into spontaneous applause midway through. Later in the evening, when 10,000 Maniacs come out for one of their encores, lead singer Natalie Merchant brings Chapman (who's been travelling with the band on their tour bus) back onstage, and the two do a thrilling unaccompanied version of the old gospel chestnut, "Where the Soul of Man Never Dies." "To Canaan land, I'm on my way, where the soul never dies/Where all is peace and joy and love/And the soul never dies," they sing, their voices intertwining beautifully. As Tracy, again hiding that little smile, walks off, Merchant asks the crowd, "Didn't I tell you she was good? Didn't I?" No tough time with the answer to that question. Once you've heard Tracy Chapman, it's easy.



SOUL

Rock's most famous duo just can't seem to break up.

FOOTLOOSE

THE CONTINUING SAGA OF HALL & OATES

I am he, the light-bearer, Lucifer, the morning star!" shouts the handsome figure, attired in a black satin cloak, masked by mist, as he takes the stage.

The musicians gathered before him react with instrumental dismay, their pleasant tunes instantly turning sour and discordant. Stringed instruments now become tortured, their cries smothered by brutal drums. The bluish light within the chamber is swiftly fading, leaving only the candles flickering before the raised platform. On the fringes of the audience, braziers are lit and sickly-sweet smoke pours forth, enveloping the onlookers. It is high-grade opium, burning in ivory billows.

As the music grows more abrasive, wailing and piercing, a number of sinister black-clad persons suddenly appear beside the ashen performers—from a trap door?—and they physically attack them with savage fury.

Rock singer Daryl Hall shifts in his exotic seat, a throne-like chair constructed from antlers, feeling utterly fascinated by the strange saga he's reading. Through a nearby window, the late amber sun of May lingers, as if entangled in the treetops of rural Dutchess County, New York.

Margaret George's historical novel, *The Autobiography of Henry VIII—with Notes from His Fool, Will Somers*, lies open to page 496 upon Daryl Hall's crossed knees as he reads on in the twilight of his secluded farmhouse retreat. The bizarre scene, depicting an allegorical masque staged circa 1530 by Queen Anne Boleyn for her diversion-craving king, contains the kind of stark symbolism that Hall constantly seeks out, scrutinizes, and then somehow replicates in virtually everything he does.

The son of a foreman in a dye-casting factory and his bride, a former big band singer, Daryl Franklin Hohl (he legally changed his surname in 1972) grew up in rural Pennsylvania, a woods-wandering loner with Arthurian myth and the music of Ike and Tina Turner as his secret companions. Although he was a choirboy in a Cedarville Methodist church, Daryl's adolescent sense of musical uplift derived less from the sacred than from the profane—in this instance, the suggestive R&B oozing out of Chicken Hill, the black ghetto of nearby Pottstown, PA.

Much later, in the mid-Seventies, after a measure of success drawn from the dualities of blue-eyed soul, Hall spent years studying the occult, sifting through Druidic scriptures and cryptic tracts by British magician Aleister Crowley. Turning inward, he weighed the merits of such doctrines as a means of prevailing through personal will, and sought out kindred spirits in the music of Peter Gabriel and Brian Eno. He's long since discarded much of the murky data as claptrap, integrating "what remained undeniable" in a manner "too intimate to easily describe—except to say that what I got from it was a sense of my own ability to make things happen, to literally rely on my own soul for strength. Call them mental exercises."

"I still read constantly," he continues, "but now it's mostly these thick works of historical fiction and mystical fantasy, plus great detective stories from the Fifties. I thrive on this stuff—it empties my head and charges me up at the same time, in order to do my own creative thinking. These days, I enjoy the mystery of things more than the solutions."

The latest outcome from the matrix of his music, and the uncommon partnership that yields it, is *Ooh Yeah!*, an exquisite album some thought



Article by Timothy White

Photograph by Ken Regan

might never come to pass. Hall had put some distance between himself and longtime collaborator John Oates in a 1986 solo move. And although he always claimed it did not constitute a breakup of the most commercially popular duo in the history of rock 'n' roll, he wasn't certain of the consequences of his actions, either.

"Doing my last solo album, *Three Hearts in the Happy Ending Machine*, made me realize the difference between a Daryl Hall LP and a Hall & Oates LP," says Hall, 39, flicking his blond thatch from his Teutonic forehead with a flash of his thin fingers. "It comes down to our voices: separate, distinct, and explainable only through intuition. It's a special thing, but we always have to be ready for it; you can't force it. Meanwhile, the solo

record came at a time when I had realized all my current ambitions in the duo, while personally feeling like I'd accomplished a complete cycle.

"I'd always wanted to perform at the Apollo Theater in Harlem, to show how the hybrid music John and I had created from black Philly soul and white rock 'n' roll could cross over into both worlds, both spheres. And to do that in the company of Eddie Kendrick and David Ruffin of the Temptations [the concert was commemorated on a live 1985 LP], who I'd hung out and even informally sung with as a young guy—that represented a high point I'd always hoped for. Plus a new starting point I'd been excited about and unsure of.

"See, I've never been able to see the new program until I've departed from the old one. For in-

stance, John and I have been identified with Philly soul music for more than a decade, yet we haven't lived or worked in Philadelphia for almost twenty years! I marvel at that, myself. Actually, our entire musical development has been rooted in Manhattan, either in Yorkville or Greenwich Village, which is a completely untold tale.

"Lastly, there is a constant pattern of dualities, opposites, yins and yangs in my life and career. There's no completeness without this tension of differences. And John is a full fifty percent of the saga. We have a complex way of interacting musically, but our ways of looking at everything are in real contrast.

"You can see it in so many things, like how we spent the time apart. Like, I needed to try my wings

solo, put myself out there in a kind of blind jeopardy. He didn't. Is it our differences that keep us together?" He scratches his mane in bemused laughter, as the night rushes in around him. "Or is it the similarities that we can't see, ourselves?"

"It's funny, but the most important thing for me during my three-year recording hiatus from Daryl was learning how to fly solo," says John Oates, 38, draining a bottle of apricot juice in his cozy Greenwich Village apartment, as he leafs through a copy of the almost comically complicated *Commercial Pilot's License Program*. "I've been flying alone for three years now—it took two years to get my license, training in a Piper Dakota plane, and then another year to get my instrument rating."

"An instrument rating means the ability to fly blind," he begins with a serene smile, tapping lightly on the textbook. "It means that you have the capability to fly out at night, in rainy weather, cloud cover and fog, without benefit of any visuals beyond the data on your instrument panel. I got into all this stuff during the 1984-85 *Big Bam Boom*

alin of playing live rock 'n' roll—first implanted in him at a 1955 Bill Haley concert at Willow Grove Amusement Park outside of Philly—and his fear of falling into a drab, dead-end occupation.

What led to a dicey hobby like flying? The independence? The freedom from earth-bound career concerns?

"Well, I'm not a big career worrier, and I like the challenge of independent activity," he says, "but I've found that the best part of flying goes deeper than normal exhilaration. I was recently flying back to New York alone from New Hampshire, and the sky was clear and quiet, with no moon and only a few airlines chattering over the radio. It was about 11:00 PM when I crossed over Hartford, with the dim light of Danbury in the distance below. Straight ahead it was pitch black, with a panorama of stars over my head.

"And the sensation it gave me, it was a peaceful alertness. Just the sense of ease you have when technical confidence and a beautiful simplicity come together. Which—I could add—isn't such a bad description of me and Daryl when we're get-

these fluid skips between melody and groove are the legacy of years of bandleader chores on the Philly soul scene—wherein vocals and instrumentation constantly trade narrative prominence.

Once the guitar finds its proper support-and-spotlight pattern, Oates begins adding a casual bopping vocal that boasts the pre-rap pacing of some bygone Muhammad Ali haiku.

"That sounds like a goddam Curtis Mayfield spoof!" quips Hall, cracking up Oates in mid-tempo as the guitar/vocal dialogue oozes onward. T-Bone Wolk, the bearded "Saturday Night Live" bassist who has been an arranger-troubleshooter for Hall & Oates since 1982, joins in, plunking out a verse structure for Oates's improvisations. Next, Oates puts two hours into a set of lyric stanzas, and by the time Hall begins to layer falsetto filigrees into the experiment, Daryl's also trading fire with Oates's guitar. "Curtis Mayfield meets Jimi Hendrix!" John hollers giddily as they gather steam, and he almost means it.

In the weeks that follow, Hall and Oates sit at opposite corners of the mixing board and play juke



John Giordano

"In today's music world, a new group doesn't get the chance to make mistakes. Then, everybody always had the option of starting over again."



John Giordano

tour, our last major roadtrip together for a Hall & Oates record. We did most of the travelling in a private plane, and I got accustomed to sitting in the jumpseat with our pilot, Jay Sligh. He gave me a manual to read, I got hooked, and he offered to take me through the entire process of training. Eventually, I soloed after ten hours of flight time—this was in the spring of '85, on a beautiful windless day out of Long Island's Brookhaven Airport.

"I've since taken my wife, my dog, and various friends on dozens of day hops to Martha's Vineyard or Vermont. And as I was producing and writing during that period with Parachute Club and Icehouse [Oates co-wrote the latter band's Top Ten single, "Electric Blue"], I'd make by own business flights to Canada or wherever."

A bright, quick-witted conversationalist, John Oates is a native New Yorker who grew up in the Pennsylvania countryside. He was five when his Italian mother and British-Moorish dad reluctantly uprooted the family from their Sicilian neighborhood in the East 20s to allow Al Oates to follow his job in a machinery plant to a site relocation near North Wales, Pennsylvania.

"But my parents stayed so homesick for the city that they took my sister and me back to Manhattan every single weekend, where we'd camp out in my grandparents' apartment. It was comforting and permanently disorienting."

The swarthy, smooth-featured John is still muscular from his days as a championship wrestler at North Penn High School and Temple University. But the most strongly enduring characteristics from his unsettled boyhood are his hunger for the adren-

ting it right musically. Because it's very moving when you can forget yourself in those kinds of moments; you take everything in and almost disappear at the same time. If you think about it, it's nice to be proud of things that provide release, eh?"

For all the hundreds of thousands of times Daryl Hall and John Oates have harmonized together, bending their peculiar vocal strengths into a blend greater than the sum of its parts, it's entirely possible that they've never really listened to each other terribly closely. The ironic similarities and quirky complements are just subtle enough to escape overt on-the-job detection by either man. And their time apart boasts the same blissful inattention to parallels.

Since 1976, when they relinquished their shared flat on East 82nd Street, they've had the same Village pads within a five-minute stroll of each other, but that proximity appears to be as unconscious to them as the fact that they've both acquired country homes in the interim.

Observing them this past March at the Hit Factory studios on West 54th Street during the making of *Ooh Yeah!*, one could say that they combine the best aspects of the dedicated daydreamer and the can-do determinist, magically shifting roles as circumstances demand. The tracking of "Keep On Pushin' Love," a lean, atmospheric slice of rock 'n' soul verve, makes for an excellent case in point.

During the early composing stage, the song possesses a lot of specific-but-spacy guitar from Oates, most of it brisk picking offset by blended rhythm figures. John is a quick and dexterous player, but

Box Jury as the raw track of "Keep On Pushin' Love" is periodically replayed. As they listen they think out loud, sometimes finishing each other's sentences, but never getting the least bit snared in each other's thoughtwaves.

"Let's get some sax in on this," Hall decides one afternoon, sending former Billy Joel hornman Mark Rivera before the studio boom mike to concoct a part.

"... And it shouldn't be a riff thing so much as a counter-melody," Oates urges.

"... So we're looking for a floating quality," Hall coaxes, "a sequence that spirals..."

"... And then sneaks back into the last chorus," Oates concludes.

Rivera gets the desired effect on the ninth or tenth pass, with no further discussion on anybody's part, and then it's on to the next objective. Throughout, Hall and Oates continue a friendly little subconversation about various trivia, and then spin off into separate zones of responsibility until another impromptu consensus is required several hours down the line.

Over the course of days, the instinctively deferential *modus operandi* becomes clear: For all their nonchalant stares and confiding glances, they never, ever watch each other. The pair has a trust based on shared self-reliance, and it is that odd creative contract that has probably kept their tensile bond from becoming a booby trap.

All the great singing duos in the rock 'n' roll pantheon have traditionally forged compact streaks of brilliance intercut with a looking-glass brand of bickering. Sam and Dave, for all their whooping

Chitlin Circuit comradery, never cared for each other once the last funky rim-shot rang out—largely because the one always seemed to remind the other of his unspoken doubts and solitary fears. Simon and Garfunkel seldom strayed too far from smoldering mutual disesteem—and the doomed chemistry was plain in every performance they gave: From temperament and physical stature to vocal quirks, they constantly reminded each other of their most plebeian limitations. And then you have the Everly Brothers, two guys whose talents remain so indecipherably entwined that they transform sibling rivalry into reciprocal rage.

"But the extra rope I guess we give each other is not the main reason anything we do is worth a shit," John Oates cautions one evening over a spicy Chinese dinner. "Instead, I suspect we're tied to a long tradition that doesn't really exist anymore."

"Well, it exists," Hall demurs, "cause we're here, but let's just say we're the current stewards. I don't think that we're the last or the oldest to perform and make records the way we do. I believe we're part of a time-honored school of American songwriting and recording that's actually becoming more popular again—even if a lot of British acts are lately selling the essential embodiment of the sound back to us. Somebody was saying to me earlier today that the only way to have a hit at this point in time is to have an urban-oriented record, with the racial and cultural integration that implies."

"We feel a happy and proud part of that, and it began for us with an album called *Abandoned Luncheonette*. We got a lot of mileage from that LP, with people as flattering as Led Zeppelin picking it as a favorite and taking tapes of it from motel."

At the time, Hall & Oates were recent immigrants to New York City, tossing their belongings into their two-bedroom billet at 433 East 82nd Street and commencing non-stop touring in a 1968 CTO John had appropriated from his father. Daryl had broken up with his wife Bryna Lublin and met Capitol Air stewardess Sara "Sandy" Allen, devising two songs—"She's Gone" and "Las Vegas Turnaround"—in the process. The constants in this time of upheaval were the fragile sense of heritage both young men carried in their heads.

"For us, Philly was like a farm club that nurtured a way of making rock 'n' soul, hammering the skills and the drive into you," says Hall. "Everything you did seemed to have a pop tune to coincide with it. The first time I ever kissed a girl I was ten years old, and I remember the kiss as well as I recall the song blasting out of the car radio, 'Wake Up Little Susie.'"

"The fact of the fully integrated Philly school system and the network of radio-station-sponsored dances combined to make you super-conscious of black and white youth culture crossing over into each other. And it was a big ambition to get into the studio audience of 'American Bandstand,' so if you couldn't dance good enough to show off on TV, you were a wimp. The crucial factor was that you were allowed to be professional really early. I was still in my teens when I got my first recording contract with the Temptones, my vocal group. It happened by winning a talent contest at the Uptown Theater—the same venue where the Jackson Five and the Temptations cut their teeth."

The Temptones cut two sides for Arctic Records, the local label that had scored a string of hits with sepioid songbird Barbara "Yes I'm Ready" Mason. Nothing happened overnight for the ballsy white R&B crooners, who did an endless stretch of NAACP benefits and lip-synch records hops, but the Arctic deal introduced Daryl to the Philadelphia studio community. He began writing songs with Lenny Huff, cutting singles with Kenny Gam-

bel and the Romeos, and then became part of the Gamble & Huff session staff when the two men turned Sigma Sound Studios into one of the nation's foremost soul shops. Hall continued to write with Chubby Checker and Len "1-2-3" Barry while adding keyboards and support vocals to records by the Stylistics, and Clyde McPhatter.

At the same juncture, John Oates was heading the Masters, another top band that recorded for the Record Museum, home of the Soul Survivors (of "Expressway to Your Heart" fame). When the draft dismantled the Masters in 1968, John became the Temptones guitarist, his first date with the act being an uneventful showcase stint at the Village Gate that led to the group's own demise.

"What attracted me to Daryl," John muses, "was the appreciation he also had for an historical perspective on music. We came along in a transition stage between the old-fashioned music business of Tin Pan Alley and the Big Band framework, and the new music business—which was Brill Building pop, doo-wop, combo rock, and the democratic/hippie idea that you become a musical force by functioning at your own level of expertise. But there was a strong work ethic going on."

Daryl filled his own days by student teaching at Stoddard-Fleisher Junior High—"I was a music instructor; it was a play to stay out of the Army. I'd play bar and club gigs until two or three in the morning and then stumble into the classroom at 8:30 AM." He explodes in laughter. "All I really wanted to do was hip these kids to Sly Stone and show them the cover of John Lennon's *Two Virgins* album!"

A fresh source of paychecks surfaced in the form of song publishing, Hall & Oates parlaying several cheesy deals struck at the Schubert Building on South Broad Street into a \$130-a-week retainer with the post-Brill Building stables of Chappell Music. Tommy Mottola, Hall & Oates' longtime manager (and now the president of CBS Records) was the 21-year-old head of Chappell's contemporary music division when he signed the duo.

"We'd go up to New York once a week or so to audition our latest material on acoustic guitar and some broken piano in Chappell's Seventh Avenue offices," Oates remembers. "Our stuff was folk-rock with an R&B undercurrent—or so we thought. But it didn't matter, because the whole thing was flexible, because it was just you or your instruments in a bare office. What didn't gel, you just revised on the spot. There were no painstaking demos with two-hundred-dollar-an-hour Synclavier laid under them. If nobody liked your shit, you all went out for fresh packs of cigarettes and began again. If you went broke, as we often did, you took jingles sessions, and we did ones for Ladybug clothes and Lawn Doctor."

"What's unfortunate in today's music world is that a new group doesn't get a chance to make mistakes. When Tommy got us signed to Atlantic Records in 1971, we did a dumb album like *Whole Oates*, a smart one with *Abandoned Luncheonette*, and a fucking weird hard rock one with *War Babies*, the last of which got us dropped in favor of the Average White Band. They might have been a better groove outfit, but they couldn't write songs as prolifically as us, and so what? Everybody always had the option of starting over again."

It was this luxury of commercial reprieve, coupled with a desire to persevere within a certain genre of pop songcraft, that permitted Hall & Oates to sculpt a durable sound. Not that they always kept a firm grip on their agenda.

Continued on page 80

ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES RECORDS 'MUSIC THAT THINKS'



VIRUS 61
ALICE DONUT
'DONUT COMES ALIVE'
DEBUT LP
(LP \$7.00) Debut from New York's most refreshing yet demented new band puts their own stamp on garage, punk, neo-ballads, the PMRC and more. The mayonnaise was bold, the chicken formidable. I felt robust and invigorated... I felt American.



VIRUS 62
NOMEANSNO
'THE DAY EVERYTHING
BECAME NOTHING'
8-SONG MINI-LP
(MINI-LP \$7.00) At last a follow-up to the incredible 'SEX MAD' LP. Six more headlong explorations where no man has gone before. All new LP coming this Fall. European live dates even sooner - starting in May.



VIRUS 64
STICKDOG
'HUMAN'
LP
(LP \$7.00) Sonic mayhem from Iowa transplanted to San Francisco. SticKdog's second leg, psycho-industrial voodoo sex stamp into the heart of darkness burns many a hole in the musical map of noise. Last year's acclaimed self-produced 12" continues to jar cranks. This is their first LP.



VIRUS 65
THE BEATNIGS
'THE BEATNIGS'
DEBUT LP
(LP \$7.00) Nothing like this has ever been done before. Industrial sheet-metal power-funk with Tackhead-style mixing. Bad Brains-level stage charisma and the lit-on-lyrical challenge of The Last Poets or pre-sellout rap. Purpose: to evoke a heartfelt response from the audience.

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CHOOSE YOUR POISON

This year, Poison was voted the Best New Band *and* the Worst New Band in many of the same readers' polls. They must be doing something right.

Article by Dan Hedges

Think of Disneyland on acid. No, make it a fistful of Dexatrim and a six-pack of Jolt Cola, with the spandex detector cranked up to ten. Think of marginally ham-fisted power chords, spiked with Maybelline and party-till-you-drop cartoon bravado.

That's Poison's schtick. Live and in blaring color, direct from the Sunset Strip. Depending on your tolerance for things that go *kerrang!* in the night, their garage-based, *nuevo-metal* glam is either the greatest thing since the return of shag haircuts and lip gloss, or heavy rock's joke of the year.

But profits talk. Poison's ragged, mid-'86 debut, *Look What the Cat Dragged In*, was recorded in twelve days and has since sailed well past double platinum. And with their second outing (the Tom 'Mötley Crüe' Werman-produced *Open Up and Say... Ahh!*) now headed in the same direction, the Technicolor four are posing with a vengeance, presumably all the way to the bank.

"In the readers' poll of every rock magazine this year," says frontman Bret Michaels, "we were voted Best New Band and Worst New Band. To get that kind of reaction, you've gotta be doing something right."

Or at least tried and true. With Poison out on the road with David Lee Roth, Michaels is sitting in a hotel room in Cleveland. It's a town he's seen before, and he doesn't deny that many of Poison's visual and sonic angles have also been seen before. An androgynous smidgen of the New York Dolls, a comic book dab of Kiss, a bludgeoning dollop of Van Halen and Mötley Crüe and...

Dubbed "all-purpose, convertible rock 'n' roll"

by guitarist C.C. DeVille, it's pretty goofy stuff—as calculated as a bunch of schoolkids running a Kool-Aid stand on a hot summer's day.

Michaels prefers to see Poison as an attempt to bring back "a happy-go-lucky attitude" since, in his view, "too many bands are starting to take their personal aggressions out on the fans. They're mad at the world and try to get their fans to feel the same. Rock 'n' roll is fun. We kick ass, but with smiles on our faces. We don't have to be negative to get a message across."

Granted, Poison's sole message seems to revolve around girls. Preferably bad ones. It was while hopping to meet some, back home in Hershey, Pennsylvania, that Michaels crossed paths with drummer Rikki Rockett.

Inspired by Aerosmith, Van Halen, and Kiss, the duo began working with bassist Bobby Dall and a guitarist now long-departed, loosening the asbestos in the Rockett family basement with the Scorpions-AC/DC-Zeppelin songbook and a scattering of originals that, Michaels recalls, "were so fast that a ballad sounded like Metallica."

But renting out VFW halls and hustling local bar owners for gigs had its limits, and the major labels weren't exactly trawling the Pennsylvanian backwaters in search of new talent. It came down to relocating to either New York or L.A., though, as Michaels says, "New York was too close. We knew that when things got shitty, we would have just gone home. So we said, let's pack our stuff and take

Lead Poison: Bret Michaels.

Mark Weiss/WWA







Poison: (L-R) Rikki Rockett, Bret Michaels, C.C. DeVille, Bobby Dall.

our original set to Los Angeles, where it's not going to be familiar and comfortable, where we've got to play music in order to live."

They didn't know a soul in L.A. and, in the classic manner, briefly fell in with Sunset Strip Svengali Kim Fowley. But the band didn't feel ready for Fowley's brand of wheeling and dealing, and instead set up living quarters at an old warehouse, where they turned to rehearsing and scrounging up gigs on their own.

"The first year you're out there, you pay the clubs to let you play," says Michaels. "You rent a dressing room at Club 88, and if you can get twenty people at your show and impress them, they'll bring their friends next time and there'll be forty. We were a promotion machine. We got a Thursday night at the Troubadour, then a Friday, then a Friday and a Saturday. . . ."

It was a three-year grind, with the band members working at fast food joints and telephone sales jobs, "selling pencils to people in Iowa. Some days, we'd be eating Wheaties. Some days, somebody would turn up with a steak. But it wasn't like after we did a gig at the Troubadour, I went home to my parents' place in Beverly Hills. I wish we could have had it easier. But because we had to fight for it, it makes us appreciate it that much more."

When guitarist C.C. DeVille came on board (his first name is allegedly Cecil, and he once played in a band called Lice), the current lineup was complete. But though Poison was often attracting three hundred customers a night, the industry shunned them—the consensus being that the band was, even on a good night, fairly diabolical.

In the end, however, they snared a deal with Enigma that was later picked up by Capitol, which released *Look What the Cat Dragged In* in the early summer of '86. It went nowhere for months, its inaugural single, "Cry Tough," not even making it to within spitting distance of the Hot 100.

But on the verge of finally nose-diving into the cut-out bins at #191, the album suddenly did a U-turn and jumped 22 places. Poison immediately hit

"I tell the audience to have a great time, but that I want to see 'em next year. I don't want 'em wrapped around a telephone pole."

the arena circuit as show-openers for Ratt, and by the time the second single, "Talk Dirty to Me," moved onto the charts, the four were up to their ears acting out all twelve volumes of the *Rock Star Handbook*.

"Our first time out, it was that whole firecracker-up-your-ass thing," Michaels admits. "You want to be able to go home and say 'I fucked a million girls, drank till I was shit-faced, shot heroin. . . . You want people to think that's the way you live.'"

But we're talking about a world where major rock bands routinely have tours subsidized by beer companies, where chugging down what's alleged to be 90 proof, onstage in front of 10,000 rabid kids, has become a staple of many a performer's predictable outlaw schtick.

Michaels concedes that if he'd been doing this interview a year ago, "even I would have been bragging, 'Listen, I drink this much, smoke this much pot, and snorted this much blow last night.' But now I can say how I really feel. I don't go onstage and bring out a bottle. I have a beer on the drum riser, but it's not to show off." He laughs. "You know damn well anyway that if somebody really drank half a bottle of Jack Daniels, he'd puke right there."

Question is, does the average small-town kid know it?

"I think they've started to learn it's iced tea. And most are a lot more intelligent than people give them credit for."

Undoubtedly. But there's that moronic fringe, for whom a semi-comatose puke in the parking lot is the coolest conceivable caper to a perfect night out. Among some of the rowdiest of L.A.'s musi-

cians (Poison included), the realization that some fans really do have trouble separating fantasy from reality has been sinking in—bringing with it a burgeoning, if clumsy, sense of responsibility.

Michaels recently joined the ongoing campaign for Rockers Against Drugs after falling off his Harley-Davidson while drunk. "I tell people that with a band like ours, we pay a bus driver to drive us after the gig—who is not drunk. Or stoned. I tell them to have a great time, but that I want to see 'em next year. I don't want 'em wrapped around a telephone pole."

But even for the bands, Life on the Road is now filled with perils that Led Zeppelin, at their most debauched, never had to worry about. As Michaels says, "On our bus, we have a vending machine for rubbers. Costs fifty cents. So if you're going to bring a girl on who you don't know, it's a smart idea to use them. And if she doesn't care? You might want to think about how she probably didn't care with the guy before you, and the guy before him."

Common sense hits the fast lane.

"Yeah," Michaels laughs grimly. "Though sometimes, in the heat of the moment, common sense doesn't set in until you're ready to fall asleep. Then it's 'Oh my God, what did I just do?' It's the self-denial thing. With me, I thought I was never, ever going to wreck a motorcycle. I'd been riding since I was little and . . . boom! It was that quick. No one thinks it can happen to them."

Michaels is diabetic, which put an additional cramp in his style when, onstage at Madison Square Garden last year, he went into insulin shock and woke up looking at an emergency room ceiling. "I ran into problems mixing the drinking, the drugs, and the diabetes," he says, adding that he cleaned up his act during a post-tour hospital stay, then spent several weeks at a summer camp for diabetics, older and wiser, relearning how to keep himself alive.

"Every rose has its thorn," he says. "Not only am I fighting the critics and everything else, I've got a disease that's deadly. When I was growing up, I remember hearing about diabetics who played football. How it didn't stop them. Now I'm getting letters from people who are diabetic or crippled. People who, by knowing about my situation, feel stronger that they can do it too."

But the fact remains that Poison are still roundly dismissed as comic relief—about as aesthetically deserving of fame and fortune as your average, high-decibel, suburban high school combo.

"Our first album was basically a glorified demo tape," Michaels admits. "Our second has production. The musicianship's better. On our third, we'll have to make another step forward, though the idea isn't to solve the world's problems. We just want to entertain."

Is it art?

Michaels makes no judgement. All he'll concede is, "I'm not Rembrandt," and there's a sense that, even as host of the party, he's wary of his band's multi-platinum success.

"I have these bad dreams of walking onstage, and it's just a barren, empty room," he says. "Nothing but a big echo. 'Hello! How you doin' tonight . . . night . . . night . . . I wish we had the polish that a lot of bands who've been around for years have. Look at David Coverdale. David Lee Roth has years of experience over me. I mean, when we first came out, we did arenas. I don't think we were ready for them, but I think we got educated pretty well."

A small boat in the proverbial big ocean?

"Yeah. And we've done the best with what we have."

THE *WORD IS RAP

Some thought rap would go away.
Looks like rap is here to stay.
And Jive is spreading the word.

KOOL MOE DEE



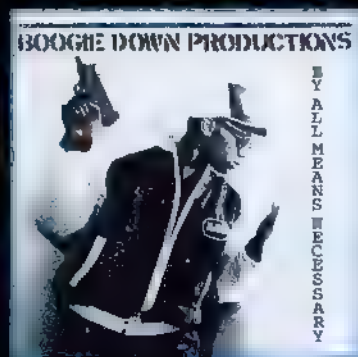
He's bigger and better, forget about deffer with his wild new hit "WILD WILD WEST" from his gold album "HOW YA LIKE ME NOW" 1079-1-J, featuring the new single "NO RESPECT." Touring this summer with Eric B. & Rakim.

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Schoolly's smokin'! His new album "SMOKE SOME KILL" 1101-1-J, featuring "MR. BIG D*ICK" "SMOKE SOME KILL" "NO MORE ROCK 'N' ROLL"

*JIVE IS THE WORD

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The plan is simple: your **New York Nights** club pass (\$125, complete) grants you admission to every Festival performance. Admission to all venues is on a first come, first served basis, and, in compliance with the New York State drinking law, some clubs can't admit you if you're under 21.

If you're coming from out of town, **American Corporate Travel (1-800-448-9454)** can arrange a package that includes ridiculously low priced airfare and hotel with your **New York Nights** pass. If you live in the tri-state metro area, you can purchase passes by calling **212-529-9321**.

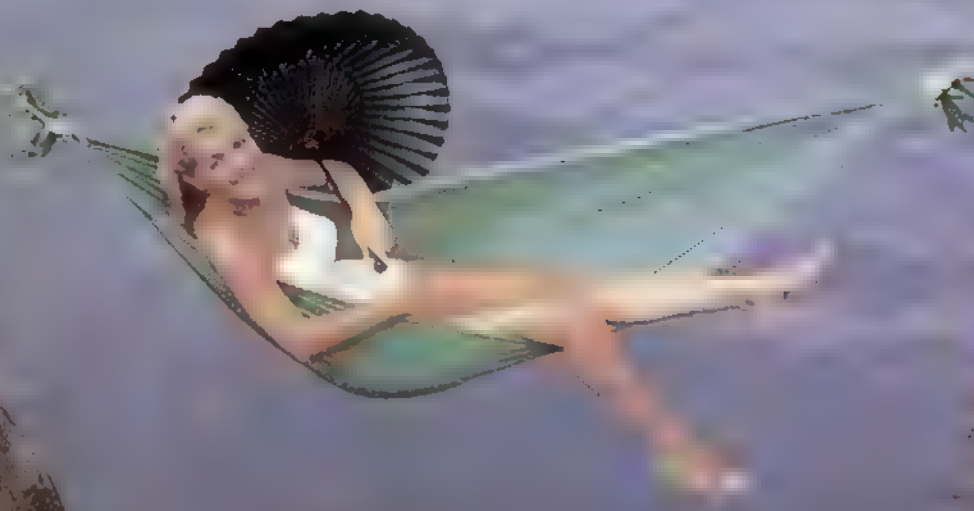


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SUMMER



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A woman with dark hair is reclining in a hammock, wearing a striped shirt. A large, detailed illustration of a mosquito is superimposed over her face. The background is a soft-focus outdoor scene.

A STUPID FRESH JUST SAY YO GUIDE TO SUMMER

Remember when summer meant reclining in a hammock, just swinging to and fro? When it was endless like a fleshy thigh and filled with daydreams of swimming with Flipper? The memories may change but summer will always be hot. Still, one man's hot is another's cool.

For Billy Martin, manager of the Yankees, summer means the season to get beaten up in his favorite strip bars around the country. For Manuel Noriega it's the time to be called a "Panamanian strongman" in every media outlet in North America. David Berkowitz found summer the perfect time of year to heed the advice of his neighbor's dog, and the locals of Japan and France think it's a great season to visit their new Disney Worlds. For the editors of SPIN, summer is just another opportunity to show off our tattoos.

Edited by Joe Spiegel, Christian L. Wright, and John Leland. Designed by Lisa Wagner.

THE UGLY AMERICAN'S ✈✈✈ GUIDE TO ✈✈✈ EUROPEAN TRAVEL

How do you flush this thing?

Comment est-ce qu'on fait marcher les toilettes? (French)

¿Cómo se baja esto, con un chorro de agua? (Spanish)

Come scarichi questa cosa? (Italian)

Wie spült Man das runter? (German)

Hur får spolat man den här? (Swedish)

Taxis here sure are expensive.

Les taxis sont vraiment chers ici.

Por seguro los taxis aquí son caros.

Le tasse qui sono troppo alte.

Hier sind die Taxen sehr teuer.

Had dyrt det är ett äko taxi här.

That's not snails, is it?

Ce ne sont pas des escargots, oui ou non?

Esos no son caracoles, ¿o sí?

Non sono lumache, vero?

Das sind keine Schnecken, oder?

Det där är väl inte snicklar, va?

How much is that in dollars?

Est combien en dollars?

¿Cuánto es eso en dólares?

Quanto costa in dollari?

Wieviel Dollars ist das?

Hur mycket blir det i dollar?

BARBECUE TIP #1



Baby back ribs, the way Bannah McDaniels (D.M.C.'s mom) makes 'em:

Steam one slab of baby back ribs for 20 minutes. Towel dry. Sprinkle with garlic salt and pepper, cover in soy sauce, and soak overnight. The next day, grill slowly with soy sauce marinade until brown on each side (roughly 30 minutes). Brush with any commercial barbecue sauce, thinned with mustard and a little vinegar. Grill until blackened.

EXPLOITATION MOVIE TRIVIA QUIZ

1. What was the most successful Mexican remake of FRANKENSTEIN?
2. In which drugsploitation epic do Jack Nicholson and Dean Stockwell give a deaf runaway STP and send her out to play in traffic? Hint: Dick Clark produced.

BARBECUE TIP #2



Grilled blue gill fillets, the way Ted Nugent makes 'em:

Heat mesquite grill over coals until white hot. Place blue gill fillets on it—or, as the Nuge says, "slap that prick on the grill"—and smother with barbecue sauce doctored with Tabasco. Ted's advice: "You salute with your left hand while eating with your right."

GREENLAND



KEY:



MCDONALD'S



TACO BELL



PIZZA HUT



BURGER KING



KENTUCKY
FRIED CHICKEN



HOLIDAY INN



ELVIS PRESLEY CENTER

Monashy, I think the New Jersey shore is nice.

Franchement, je trouve la côte du Nouveau Jersey est beaucoup plus jolie.
Franchement, creo que la ribeira de Nova Jersey es más bonita!
Onestamente, penso che la spiaggia di Nuova Jersey è più bella.
Ehrlich gesagt, finde ich die Küste in Neu Jersey viel schöner.





BARBECUE TIP #3

The soundtrack

E.U.
 Arrow
 Bruce Springsteen
 Natalie Cole
 Ramones
 Nocera
 King Floyd
 M/A/R/R/S
 Frankie Valli
 Mantronix
 The Meters
 Frankie Ford
 Debbie Gibson
 James & Bobby Purify
 Los Lobos
 Robbie Nevil

"Da Butt"
 "Hot Hot Hot"
 "Glory Days"
 "Pink Cadillac"
 "Rockaway Beach"
 "Summertime, Summertime"
 "Groove Me"
 "Pump Up the Volume"
 "Can't Take My Eyes Off You"
 "Fresh Is the Word"
 "They All Asked for You"
 "Sea Cruise"
 "Shake Your Love"
 "I'm Your Puppet"
 "I Get Loaded"
 "C'est la Vie"



3. Why does Tommy Sands sing "Let Me Be Loved" in THE JAMES DEAN STORY?
4. What is the longest title of an American exploitation movie?
5. In which beach movie does Annette Funicello imitate a frustrated lobster on acid?



SUMMER READING: A PHILISTINE'S REVENGE AGAINST THE NEW YORK TIMES

WHAT THEY SUGGESTED (May 11, 1987)

Willa Cather: The Emerging Years, by Sharon O'Brien. An imaginative and accurate account of a true artist's life.

Iron & Silk, by Mark Saltzman. "Circumstances of life in China," from a man who taught English to doctors there.

Mama, by Terry McMillan. "A poor black family's gritty passage through the Sixties into the Seventies."

The Object of My Affection, by Stephen McCauley. A "first novel... about what it is like to be young in these crazy times."

The Century's Daughter, by Pat Barker. "An assault on Margaret Thatcher" in the old style of commercial fiction—concerned with real life.

The Second Oldest Profession: Spies and Spying in the Twentieth Century, by Philip Knightley.

Armed Truce: The Beginnings of the Cold War, 1945–1946, by Hugh Thomas.

Last Judgement, by Richard Hugo. A terrorist threatens England.

All We Need of Hell, by Harry Crews. A novel about "a familiar world, rotten with greed, sloth, materialism, and mendacity."

WHAT WE REALLY READ (August 2, 1987)

Mayflower Madam, by Sydney Biddle Barrows, with William Novak. How to use a condom during oral sex, and other handy tips.

Bus 9 to Paradise, by Leo Buscaglia. "Another trip with the ebullient advocate of the virtues of love."

Fatherhood, by Bill Cosby. "Anecdotes and ruminations" by the world's most boring man.

Wanderlust, by Danielle Steel. "A rich orphan comes of age as she travels the world."

Strangers from the Sky, by Margaret Bonanno. "Admiral James Kirk re-encounters the Vulcans."

Nobody Lives Forever, by John Gardner. "James Bond on the trail of the kidnapper of his devoted housekeeper."

Red Storm Rising, by Tom Clancy. "The West tries to stave off the Russians in World War III."

The Unwanted, by John Saul. Lonely teenager discovers she has terrifying powers.

The Eighth Commandment, by Lawrence Sanders. "The theft of a priceless Greek coin brings a New York dynasty's scandals to light."

Alive with pleasure! **Newport**



A man with dark hair, shirtless, is shouting into a large, red megaphone. A woman with dark hair, wearing a yellow shirt, is seen from the back, also shouting into the megaphone. The background is a bright, hazy sky. In the bottom left corner, there is a pack of Newport Kings cigarettes. The pack is white with a blue and red design. The text on the pack includes 'KINGS', 'Newport', and 'MENTHOL KINGS'.

Newport

**After all,
if smoking isn't a pleasure,
why bother?**

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.



"STRAVINSKY WAS A LITTLE DIFFICULT AT FIRST."

TOP GUN



Nothing tops a Bass Ale. Just look at the inviting amber color. Now taste the delicious full-flavor that has made Bass the fastest growing European import and the *number one* imported British Ale in the U.S.

Try the Top Gun. Try Bass today.
The quality ale that dates from 1777.

Bass
ALE

SUMMER TEMPERATURES

380° Lycra loses its elasticity

365° Flash point of SPIN

200° Latex condoms get tacky (in use)

158° Batteries in portable radios leak

122° Main body of Elaine Do

120° Records melt

105° Latex condoms get tacky (in storage)

90° Horses in Central Park get the day off

DOG DAY AFTERNOONS

- Linda Blair film festival cancelled.
- Your parents decide to drop over for the weekend.
- Spring semester grades arrive.
- ABC shows two hours of umpire Ken Kaiser's greatest calls during rain delay.
- Sting puts out another double album.
- Kids at Disney World point to you and scream, "Look, it's Goofy."
- Donald Trump snares Republican presidential nomination.
- Hurricane Gomer arrives the day of the big nude volleyball finals.
- Someone at your beach barbeque yells, "Hey, let's sing some show tunes."

BARBECUE TIP #4



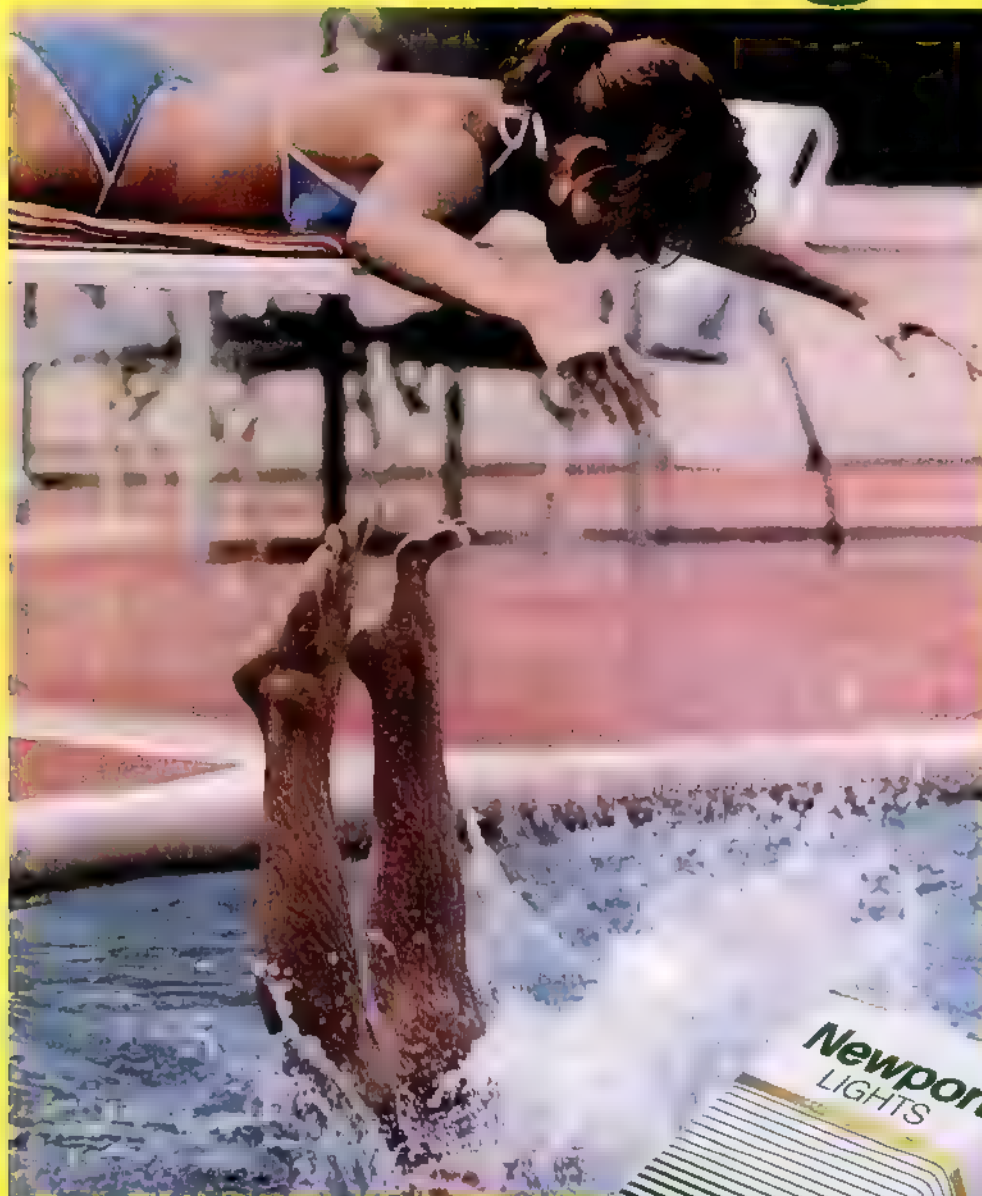
Who to Invite

Teri Garr
Justine Bateman
Spike Lee
The Minnesota Twins
Andy "Sugar Coated" Hernandez
Chris & Tina
John Waters
Paul Prudhomme
Sammy Davis, Jr.
Sally Jesse Raphael
Madonna



SUMMER

Alive with pleasure! Newport Lights



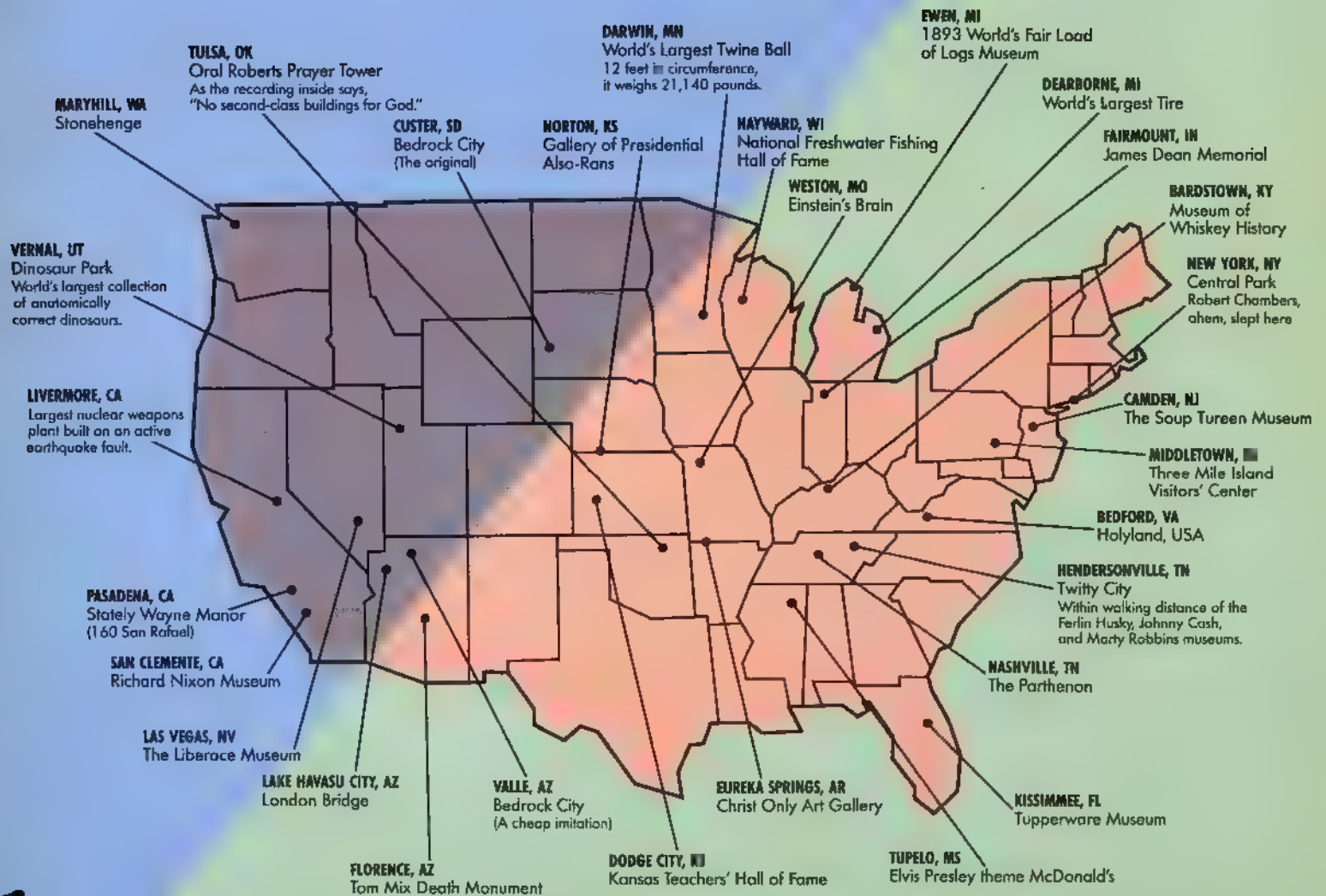
**Newport pleasure comes
to low-tar menthols**



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

Kings: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report February 1985

WHERE THE ACTION IS



LOUISE L. FLETCHER DE FRANKENSTEIN, 2. PSYCHOLOGIST, 3. PSYCHOLOGIST, 4. THE IN-
TERESTING STRANGE GREATNESS WHO STOPPED LIVING AND BECAME CRAZY MIXED-UP ZOMBIES (also released as
TEENAGE PSYCHO MEETS BLOOD MARY), 5. ALL OF THEM, 6. THE BAYERN, 7. THE RETURN OF DOCTOR X, 8. BUT THE
KID VS. DRACULA AND JESSE JAMES VS. FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER.

HARP

**Enjoy The Pride
Of Ireland.**



Alive with pleasure!

Newport

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After all,
if smoking isn't a pleasure,
why bother?



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report February 1985.

IN THE

JOHNNY CASH

The summer according to Mr. Cash: "Fairs, bikinis, dull TV, fishing, bikinis, barbeque sauce, boating, and more bikinis."

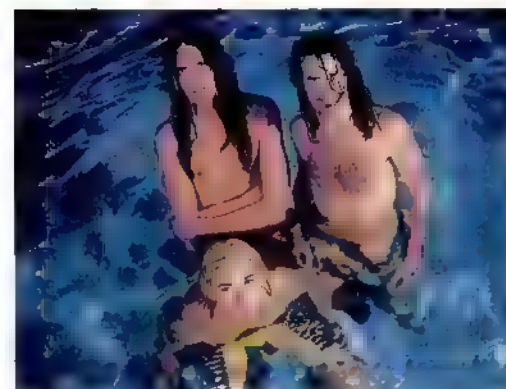


SWIM

A Revealing Pictorial

"To the people of Stinkworth, Arizona, the summer of 1912 meant new love, for in that year Samuel the Giant Robot of Enthusiasm embraced the entire town, ensconcing all in his eternal oneness."—MEAT PUPPETS

(L-R) Kurt Kirkwood, Cris Kirkwood, Derek Bostrum



Swimsuits are curious things. The English call them bathing costumes, which is precisely what they are, costumes. With summer's first kiss, we choose outfits to become someone other than ourselves. We take on traits, in the tight form of lycra, to create a state-of-being far from our own. Where else in these wary times but on vast sun-kissed beaches do we lie down with strangers in lingerie facsimiles? Maybe more exposure means fewer pretensions: masses of people just lounging around with their inadequacies showing. And apparently not caring. It's cool, though. We're all in costume anyway.

Summer's supposed to mean new love, but, for lack of material, the heart can't be worn on a sleeve. Everyone knows that summer has little to do with the heart and more to do with the body. Before winter tears come summer kisses. We offer a cheek.

L.L. COOL J

"Summer's def 'cause there ain't no school and all you do is cool. . . . Her bikini small, her heels tall, she said she liked the ocean, she showed me a beach, gave me a peach, and pulled out the suntan lotion. She was lookin' for a real good time. I said 'Close your eyes, I've got a surprise,' and ran away with the bottle of wine."

PATTY SMYTH

"Summer is hell because it's in New York. I was arrested once for harrassing an officer on Manhattan Beach in Brooklyn."



Drew Carsten

Lorraine Sylvester

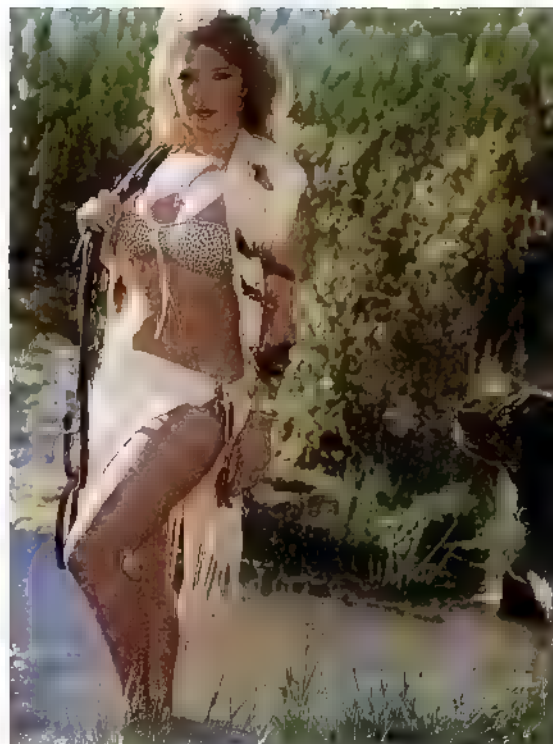




Carol Friedman

TANYA TUCKER

"There's one place I like to go: Green Turtle Key. There are no cars and the Bahamians eat a lot of conch. I like to ride my horse bareback through the waves in a bikini."



Alan Messer

NOEL

"Dawn on the beach is very mystical. . . . If Manhattan were built in Miami, what a wonderful city it would be."

JUDY TENUTA

"My brother Bosco and I were at the beach and he had really, really long toenails. So I peeled them off and sold them as surfboards."



Miss Conway



IT LETS YOU LOVE THE SUN AGAIN



Languish in the radiance of those irresistible golden rays with Le Zink.
A complete line of sun-care products including colorful high
protection zinc oxides, greaseless SPF lotions and the first all-purpose
body wash.

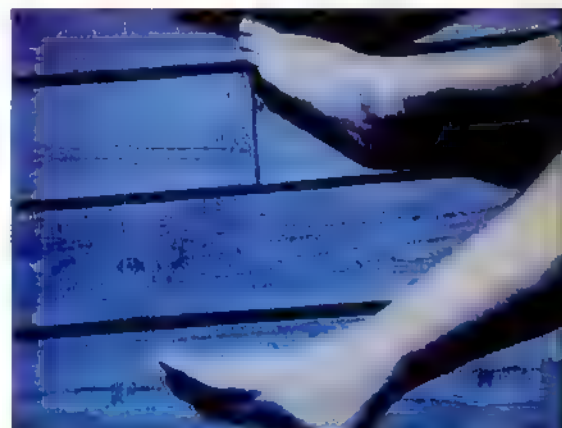
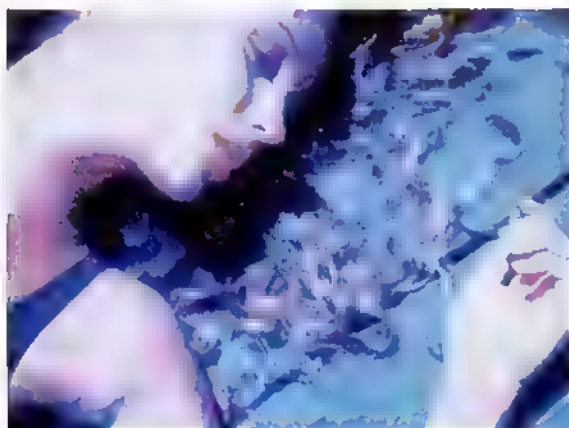
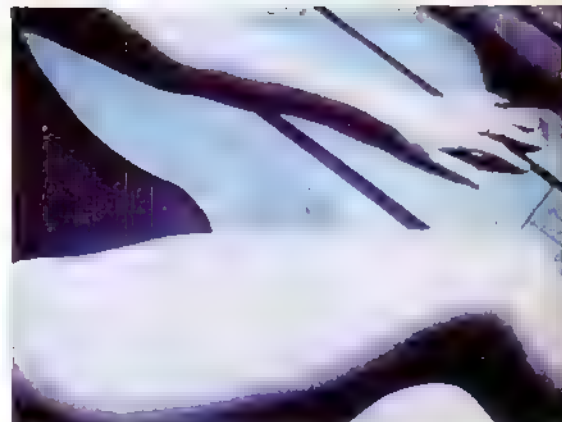
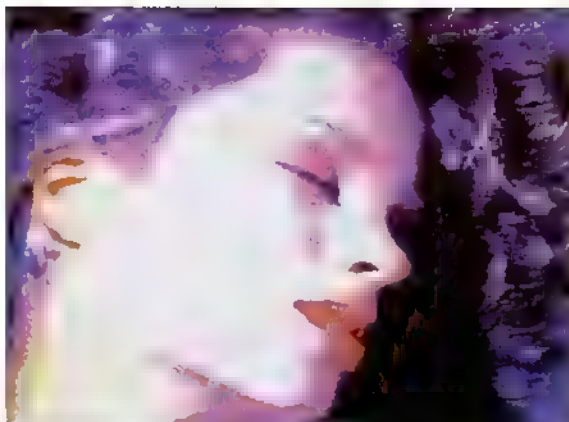
THE ORIGINAL

LE ZINK™



ROSIE VELA

"I like to be places where there's sunsets, where I'm surrounded by water and air. It's a real contact, very spiritual. I dance in the ether of the atmosphere."



Brian Davis

CHRIS ELLIOTT

"Make sure that the tab of the turning plate is fixed to the wood plate with screws, including the shin and the nut. This will result in 100 percent stability."

MEGADETH

"We love summer, it's the point . . . just eating and drinking Blue Hawaiians—vodka and this blue fuckin' punch. We go straight to the den of iniquity."—DAVE ELLEFSON

(L-R) Chuck Behler, Dave Mustaine, Dave Ellefson, Jeff Young



Scott Wippemmann

JELLO BIAFRA

Summer begins "as soon as the airlines tell you to fly to Hawaii in January." Does it have a color?

"Green—both the kind with all natural ingredients and the not so natural kind."



Mark Sarfatti

DAVID LEISURE (JOE ISUZU)

Is life a beach? "Yeah, and I never get there anymore. I used to surf but couldn't swim very well; I'm a golfer now."



Ann Summa



TAJA SEVELLE

"I like to be by the ocean with good friends, spending the day with fruit and music."

Dennis Keeley



Chris Carroll

GAYE BYKERS ON ACID

"Just saw Rick Astley in a poloneck driving a BMW—it must be summer! The time when Englishmen go mad, when we go into the hills to say hello to the sheep. They talk back if you're very polite and wear the right boots."

—MARY

(L-R) Robber, Kev, Mary, Toni



Chip Simone

MANTRONIX AND SEQUAL

"Life is superdef. One time I went to Jamaica and caught bluefish with a glass and some bread."

—KURTIS MANTRONIK

(L-R) Maria Abraham, Kurtis Mantronik, Angie Vallaro



STACY Q

"I haven't the slightest idea how to make a pina colada . . . but I have a friend who's an attorney."

Greg Wolemmon



LITA FORD

"The hotter it gets, the more you sweat. The more beer you drink, the less food you eat. The less ass to fill that bikini. Summer's great for rock 'n' roll."

Mark Weiss

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maxell.
The Tape That Delivers
Higher Performance.



BELINDA CARLISLE

"I used to skip a lot of school to go to the beach with my surfer boyfriend. Now I like the evenings, going out at night in a convertible; it makes me real happy."

MTV VJs

"By now we all know of the damaging effects of UV radiation. What better way to stay out of the sun and beat the heat than to stay under water? It is the summer of 'Sea Hunt.' "—KEVIN SEAL

(L-R) Julie Brown, Adam Curry, Carolyne Heldman, Kevin Seal

Chris Corroll



E.G. DALY

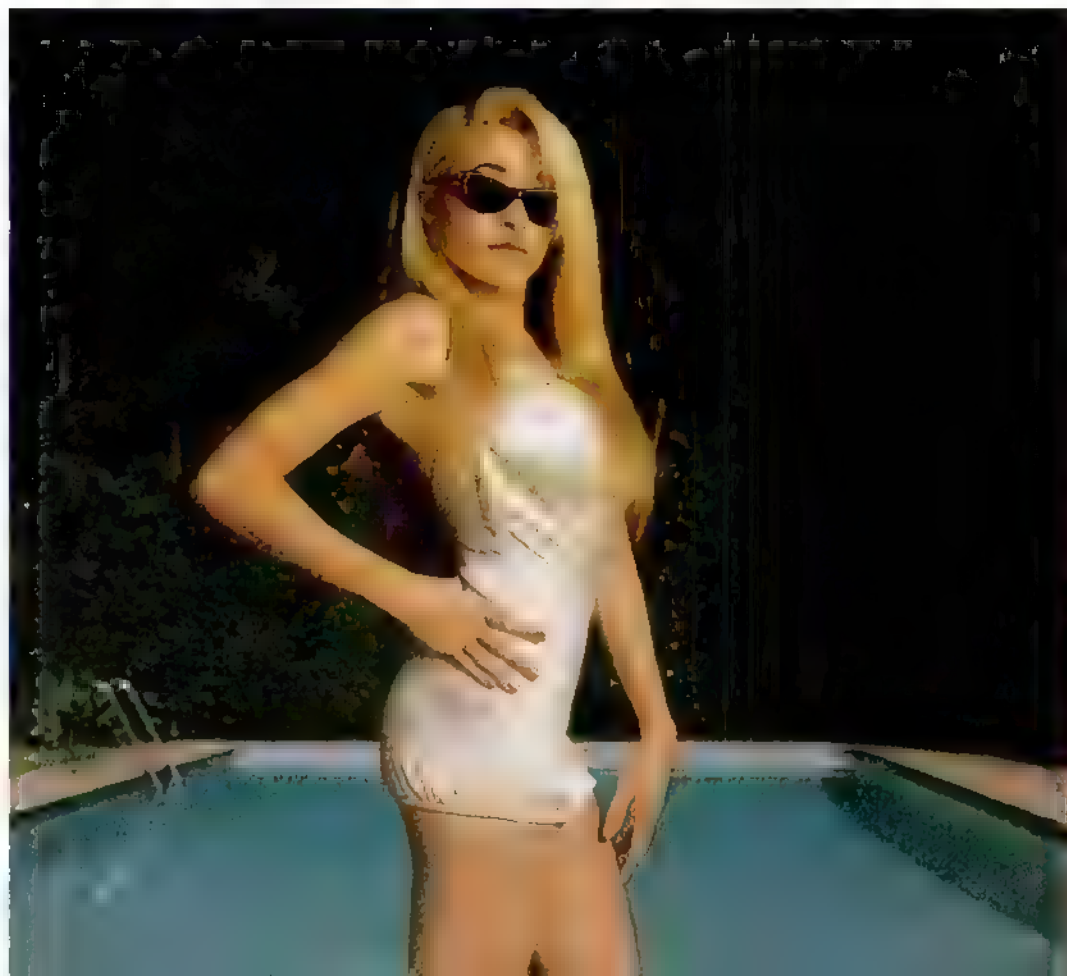
"I can differentiate between good and bad. If I didn't have the bad, I couldn't enjoy the good. Sometimes, I play like it's summer and I don't have any responsibilities. I get this image of lying down in cold sheets with a sun-burn, suckin' on ice cubes."



Michael Ligne

CARRIE FISHER

"There's a part of me that gets a little thrill in June; it's like school's out for summer. I've always been a big fan of no school. I'm a low structure person."



Chris Cullaro

INTRODUCING THE

CONDUCTOR[™] AUDIO CELL



BE THE

It's the music
that inspires you.
That fuels you
That makes you feel alive.
Eveready[®] introduces
maximum performance
for music machines.
The Conductor[™] Audio Cell.
The high-output
alkaline power source.



MUSIC



JON BON JOVI

Either summer has Jon Bon Jovi at a loss for words, or, while working on his fourth album, he's locked himself in the studio and lost the key.

Art Marcopaulos

LESLIE WEST

"When we first started playing in the Hamptons, people on the beach used to throw all the booze in a big garbage can. Once we peed in the stuff and watched people drink it. Summer . . . I can't stand the heat and humility."

MOJO NIXON

Summer begins "when you start fornicating in fields. It might mean new love for Otis Redding records, but it's go-carts, Cheese Whiz, beanie weenies, and Dr. Longhair. I try not to go outdoors."

Mojo Nixon, Skid Roper



Michael Belenky

SOUL ASYLUM

"Beer's the best. They have it everywhere and it goes good with sand and water."—DAN MURPHY

(L-R) Dan Murphy, Karl Mueller, Grant Young, Dave Pirner



Vanessa Adams

William Duke



jeans west JW[®]

JOHNNY CASH is doing some serious touring throughout the U.S.
 MEAT PUPPETS are touring North America.
 L.L. COOL J is in preparation for his headline tour.
 PATTY SMYTH has rented a cabana by the fountain in Washington Square Park for the season.
 NOEL is preparing for his late summer tour of the U.S.
 TANYA TUCKER is touring throughout the U.S.
 JUDY TENUTA is at work on an HBO special.
 ROSIE VELA is completing her second album.
 CHRIS ELLIOTT will be "making piña coladas; that should take up most of the summer."
 JELLO BIAFRA has secluded himself in order to work on projects put off because of the Dead Kennedy's' obscenity trial.
 MEGADETH will tour Japan and Australia, then return to the U.S. for West Coast dates.
 DAVID LEISURE, the lying JOE ISUZU, is taking the summer off in Southern California.
 TAJA SEVELLE is working on her music and studying acting.
 MANTRONIX's Kurtis will scout new talent to sign with his production company.
 SEQUAL continue their U.S. club tour.
 GAYE BYKERS ON ACID are recording and touring in Europe.
 STACY Q is touring.
 LITA FORD is touring the U.S.
 BELINDA CARLISLE is touring the United States and Europe.
 The MTV VJs can be seen night and day on MTV.
 CARRIE FISHER, after completing work on *The Burbs* with Tom Hanks in L.A., will begin work with Rob Reiner on an upcoming film.
 E.G. DALY is finishing her record and playing (with her dog, her friends, and her family).
 JON BON JOVI will miss all peak sun time as he is locked in the studio working on Bon Jovi's fourth album.
 MOJO NIXON will discuss film prospects and do guest spots on MTV while working on an album.
 SOUL ASYLUM are on tour in the U.S.
 LESLIE WEST is touring the U.S., promoting his most recent album.
 The WEATHER GIRLS never stop working.

Patty Smyth: styling by Nile/Pipino-Buccheri. Judy Tenuta: hair and make-up by Marda Mills/Lynne Stege Represents. Megadeth: styling by Pipino-Buccheri. David Leisure: styling by Sharon Sato. Mantronix and Sequal: hair and make-up by Nikki/Pipino-Buccheri; styling by Nile/Pipino-Buccheri; clothes courtesy Patricia Fields; shot at Club Paradise, NYC. Gaye Bykers on Acid: styling by Cindy McCrossen. MTV VJs: styling by Patrice Bernant; wetsuits by Island Windsurfing, NYC; scuba gear by Scuba World, NYC.



Scott Heiser

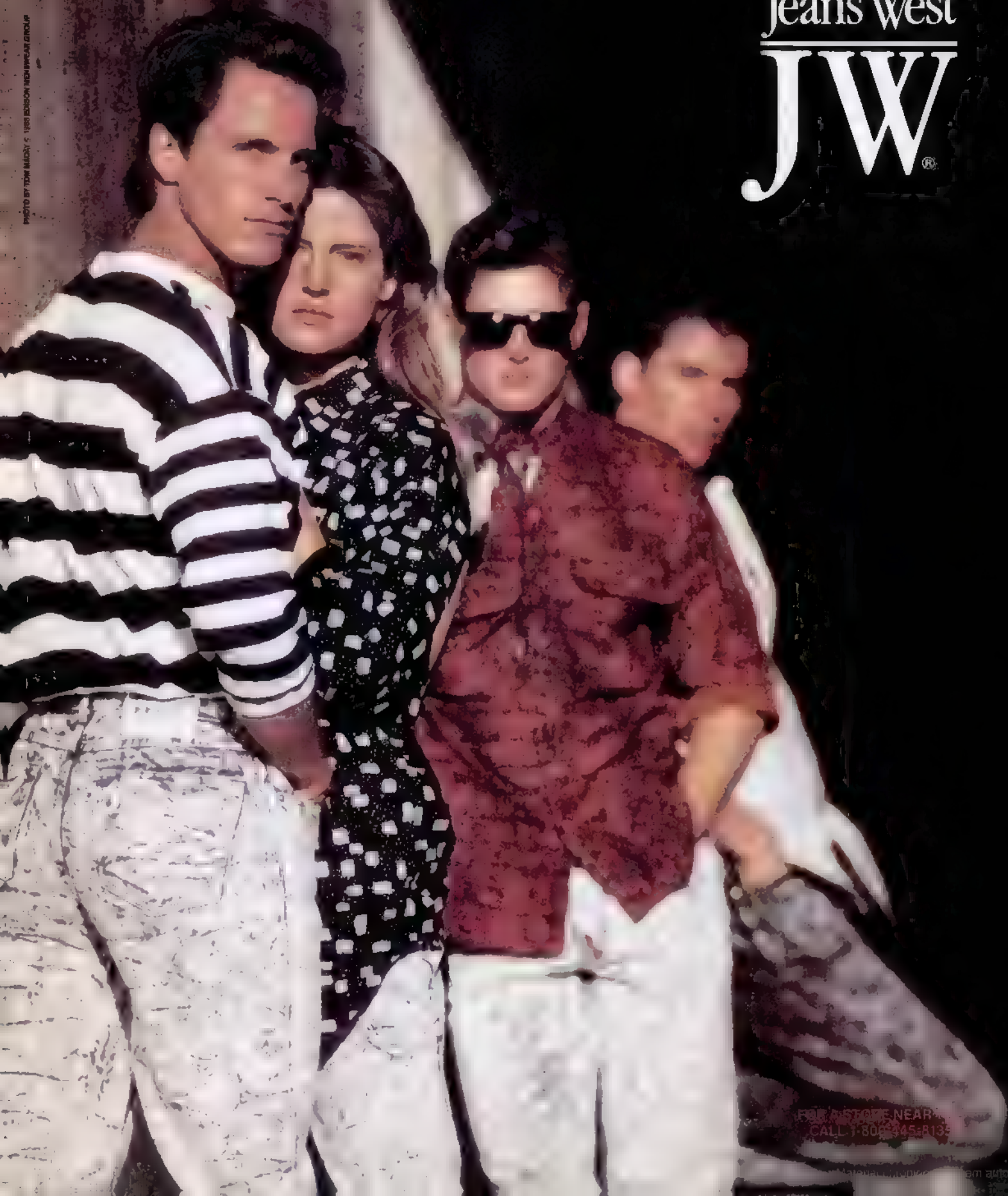
WEATHER GIRLS

"Summer's the best time for love, but we don't really like a lot of heat."—MARSA WASCH

(L-R) Marsa Wasch, Izora Armstead

PHOTO BY TIM MASON © 1989 EDSON INTERNATIONAL GROUP

jeans west
JW



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Real arcade pinball is back.

Astro Shooter™ is one of the most popular products ever displayed in Sharper Image stores. Often, shoppers wait patiently in line for their chance to play.

Astro Shooter sends you hurtling through deep space, dodging comets and lasers. Snap the shooter and the steel ball blasts off to the top of the playfield, caroming off the power bumpers. Each bounce scores you points. More points roll up as the ball passes over one of five scoring buttons.

Rocket through the galaxies.

You control push buttons on the sides that activate three flippers—one on the left and unique double flippers on the right.

Slam! You flip the ball up and it crashes into a kick-out crater, setting off an explosion of sounds and spinning scoring drums. *Whoosh.* The ball shoots out of the crater, and your perfectly timed flip blasts it up the hyperspace channel, where it disappears into a black hole.

Now, the whole galaxy erupts: Lights revolve. Bumpers dance up and down.

Numbers whirl. A space march sounds. As the seconds tick off and your points mount up, you wait tensely for the ball to kick out of the alpha chute. *Zip.* The ball careens straight for the warp out trough. Can you react in time?

Challenging game of skill.

Astro Shooter is a demanding test of your reflexes and skill. Stage matches with your friends. And record the new all-time high score on the top of the scoreboard.

Astro Shooter automatically counts down from 1-5 balls, and shuts down when the game is over. Has on/off switch with flashing LED and sliding control for sound volume. Plugs into wall outlet. Measures 20L x 12W x 11½H"; weighs 7½ lbs. Legs and scoreboard push into place without tools. 30-day warranty.

Now you can rekindle your love affair with this greatest of all amusement games. Order Astro Shooter pinball today—available only from The Sharper Image.

■ Astro Shooter #MTM706 \$99 (4.50)



Revo® sunglasses: graphic equalizers for the eyes.

Slip on a pair of Revo sunglasses. They screen out heat (IR) as well as UV rays—so your eyes stay cool, comfortable, and free from strain. But the most striking difference between your view through Revo lenses and ordinary sunglasses are the bright, natural colors and crisper images.

According to *Western's World*, "... Revo sunglasses not only eliminate all of the sun's harmful rays, but they are balanced to allow in the full spectrum of viewable light. The world appears more natural, with higher contrasts than you ever imagined when wearing

sunglasses. You're comfortable in the bright glare of the snow, but you can also see in the shadows."

This is why we compare Revo sunglasses to a "graphic equalizer" for the eyes. Even under hazy or overcast conditions, Revo sunglasses keep colors sharp and outlines crisp—while eliminating distortion. Your eyes feel rested even after hours of driving, hiking, sailing, flying, or just lying on the beach.

Glasses that look as good as they perform.

Revo lenses are ground and polished optical glass, coated with more than 25 micro-layers of space-age refractory oxides (the same material that protects solar cells on satellites). By carefully controlling the thickness of the layers, certain wavelengths are reflected while others are allowed to penetrate. Rejected rays are broken down into colors of the rainbow, making the transparent lenses appear strikingly iridescent.

Now, four improvements to the frames make Revo glasses more durable, comfortable, and convenient to wear: Frames are made from an extremely durable nylon which can withstand great extremes in temperature. New molded grooves hold lenses securely in place. A thin wire reinforces the temple piece, making it flexible and fully adjustable.

And new nickel/silver ophthalmic hinges with non-loosening Nylock screws adjust easily and stay adjusted.

Choose from two styles: Revo Ventures in Spectral Violet and Revo Classics in Ariel Blue. Glasses weigh just 1½ oz. Includes soft case, strap, and lifetime limited warranty.

You only have one pair of eyes. Now there's a serious pair of sunglasses designed to defend them. Order today.

■ Revo® Sunglasses

Spectral Violet Ventures	#MRV703	\$149 (4.00)
Ariel Blue Classics	#MRV702	\$149 (4.00)

®Revo sunglasses by Cooper Vision, Inc.



Ventures



Classics

THE SHARPER IMAGE®

Camping, sunbathing, or on safari: one Sony plays on.

Only one Walkman™ is built so rugged, audiophiles have been known to take it sailing Cape Horn, bushwacking the Amazon, and climbing Mount Fuji.

Also ideal for the beach, pool, or jogging, Sony's latest Sports Walkman has all the splash-proof protection of the original. Slip in a tape, then snap the lid securely closed. A continuous rubber O-ring and jack gaskets help seal out water, sand, snow, and rain. Even the lightweight headphones are water-resistant.

Electronics match Sony's most sophisticated personal stereos. Auto-reverse plays your favorite tapes continuously (so you never have to interrupt your workout to flip a tape). Or, listen to superb AM/FM stereo, with DX/local switch to lock in your favorite station. Plays metal and normal tapes, with

Dolby™ B noise-reduction to cut out hiss.

Rounded edges are easier to hold onto as you move. Or, clip the high-impact case to your belt with the included clasp, and exercise hands-free. Runs on 2 AA batteries (not included), with battery-life LED. Perfect for travel, Sony measures just 4½H x 4W x 1½D"; weighs 10½ oz. (Not immersible, nor suitable for continuous water contact.) Comes with one-year parts, 90-day labor warranty.

No other personal stereo can beat the sonic punch of a Sony. And when that full-range sound comes in the rugged armor of a Sports Walkman, you can take it to where the action is. Order today.

■ Sony Sports Walkman
#MSY730 \$129 (4.00)

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Use your 30-day
return privilege to try
a new product.



The unfolding phone: Panasonic's futuristic cordless.

Space travellers in science fiction films communicate with small folding devices they carry in their pockets. Now, Panasonic makes this futuristic technology a reality.

Flip open the compact handset of this mini cordless phone, and you can enjoy clear conversations over a 700-1,000' range. Flip it closed, and it automatically switches from talk to the standby mode. Slip it in your pocket and always have your phone close at hand. Measures only 4¼L x 2¼W x 1¼D"; weighs just 8 oz.

The built-in conveniences are just as futuristic. The handset stores and auto dials 10 frequently called numbers (up to 16 digits each). It has one-touch redial, tone/pulse dialing with pause button and flash key, high/low volume, and a pull-out

antenna to extend your range. Digital security coding protects the privacy of your calls.

There's a built-in speakerphone with mute button in the base. You can answer calls over the speakerphone, put them on hold, and communicate with the handset using the 2-way pager and full intercom. You can also switch on the speakerphone from the handset to monitor the room.

Streamlined base measures 5H x 7½W x 5½D"; weighs 2 lbs. Can be wall-mounted (brackets included). Plugs into wall outlet and phone jacks. Comes with two battery packs, so you always have a freshly charged one to power the handset. Made in Japan. One-year warranty.

Order today and take your Panasonic communicator to regions of your house unexplored by conventional phones.

■ Panasonic Mini-cordless Phone
#MPA210 \$189 (4.50)

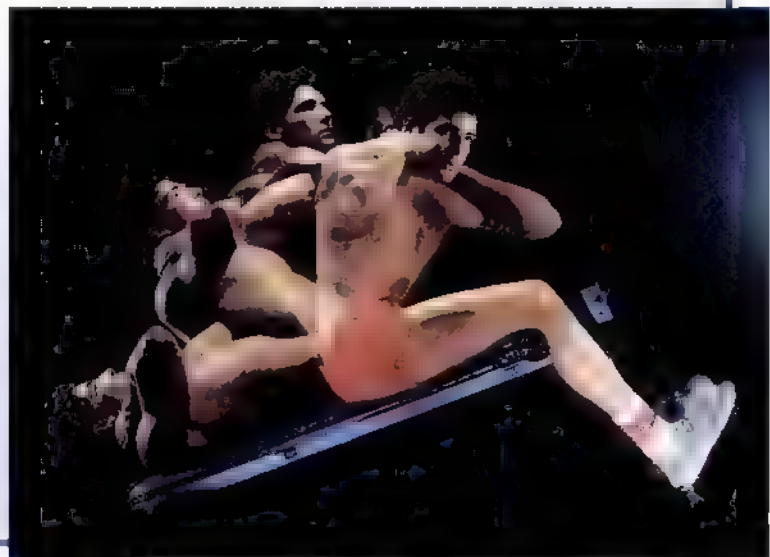
Super-charge your sit-ups.

Marcy's® Pro Abdominal Board turns ordinary sit-ups into powerful workouts. You shape up quickly because your muscles work harder. Perform abdominal roll-ups, leg lifts, twists—up to 20 exercises for a strong abdomen and trim, tight stomach. Five incline angles continue to challenge your muscles as your strength grows.

Premium vinyl covers the comfortably padded, extra-long board. Convenient carrying handles also provide balance for leg raises. Folds flat for easy storage. Measures 24H x 15W x 59L" (collapsed: 11H x 15W x 53L"); weighs 25 lbs. Assembly requires adjustable wrench. Six-month warranty.

Make every sit-up count. Order this rugged board and make your workouts more efficient and rewarding.

■ Marcy Pro Abdominal Board #MMP366 \$79 (6.50)



THE SHARPER IMAGE®

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or for the address of the store nearest you.

acy, and disease! [Wild applause and cheering.] "Stop drugs from coming in, stop jobs from going out ["Yeah," applause]. Invest in people! [Strong applause.] Re-invest in America!"

Into the subsiding clapping he continues: "And now the number one issue in America in politics today, is the crisis of drugs. Bush is in a crack house today [random laughter]. After seven years, he's looking for drugs to fight! [Deafening applause.] Dukakis is in the schools now [the voice is high and loud now, yet still measured], lecturing youth to say no to drugs [he brings it down]. I welcome them followin' my leadership, they're good soldiers in the war on drugs, but I am the general! [His voice breaks. Tremendous applause and standing ovation.]

"There are questions that Bush will just not answer, about Noriega. Our CIA and drug dealers. Drug dealers on our government payroll. A moral disgrace. ["Yeah!"] You cannot speak with moral authority about the war on drugs, exchanging drugs for arms.

"This relationship between Bush, Noriega, and the CIA is . . . it's a strange relationship [laughter]. They went from [applause drowns him out], they went from quiet courtship, to marriage, and paying partners, and they fell out in public, and had a squabble, then they gonna reconnect again, exonerate Noriega, let him become President again, of Panama. The fact is—Noriega is not plea bargaining with Bush and Reagan, Reagan and Bush are plea bargaining with Noriega, to keep his side of the story from the public!"

He goes on to equate the economy to driving into a dead end, speaking in a sort of folksy parable ("What're you gonna do? You can't turn right, can't turn left. You can't drive over the dead end! What do you do?"—the crowd already answering as he tells them—"You go out the way you came in!"). Freeze military spending, let Japan and Europe defend themselves, and work with Latin America, especially Mexico, are the solutions, he says. He mocks Bush, who has said he wants to be an "educational President," for his remark about having three half-Mexican grandchildren, who he was going to "unleash" on Texas and California. ("Three . . . halves. Can you imagine telling someone you're going to unleash some children? Educational President!" spits Jackson.)

He tells the crowd that he wants to more than win, he wants to make us better. That he just wants what's fair, for women, minorities, union workers, farmers. "What do I want?" he repeats in his famous rhythm, addressing the ceiling and perhaps more the God above it than the people below it. He tells the crowds he understands the odds, that he was born against the odds, and as he lists the adversities that he has refused to surrender to, the audience call out to him in response, as if they were in church.

"I was born in the slum," he tells them in emotional conclusion "but the slum was not born in me."

Only the traveling press and the Secret Service are not on their feet applauding and cheering ecstatically. More children are brought up to Jackson, who stoops to pick two up, perching them on the front of the lectern. One of the others hands Jackson a basket of fruit to the delight of the audience. He takes one of the children off the lectern and holds her in his arm, while beckoning his staff photographer over with his left hand. He takes a piece of fruit, bites into it and offers it to the child.



William Coupan/ONYX

Through clenched teeth, like a ventriloquist, he tells her to smile at the camera.

Stockton

The Stockton Civic Auditorium is packed, near to capacity, only the far reaches of the galleries are bald. This time the crowd is predominantly black, most dressed as if it were a Sunday church service, with a minority of Hispanics and whites, the latter of whom seem more spectators than supporters.

This time, there are already children on stage, and one little girl is reciting a prayer aloud. Jackson stands behind her and waits till she's finished. He must have a height regulation for the kids on stage with him, because none ever come to above his knees. The crowd are awkwardly torn between cheering for him and showing respect for the prayer.

He starts by asking the elected officials on hand to stand. Some seated behind him and some in the audience rise. "Please give them a hand," beckons Jackson. They are applauded. Jackson calls for all national delegates to please stand. They do and are

accorded their fifteen seconds in the spotlight. Then he entreats all ministers of prayer to likewise stand. They are also applauded, before Jackson has to ask. "All Jackson supporters please stand," he says now, and four thousand people rise, applauding wildly.

A "woo, woo" chant rolls around the auditorium, sounding like "Bruce, Bruce" at a Springsteen show. Jackson, standing to the side of the lectern, leans towards the microphone and shouts "Jack—son, Ac—tion!" and the crowd takes up the mantra without further encouragement: Jackson—action, Jackson—action, Jackson—action. All this is before he starts his speech.

He speaks about a campaign built on hope and tells the crowd when he wins, they win. His oratory is mesmerizing and inspirational and although he told an aide earlier that this rally would be quick because he was tired, he is even more powerful and eloquent than he was earlier that afternoon in Fresno. His voice reaches the roof, grasps it and shakes it, as if it were the devil oppressing us. He holds the serpent up to the flock and reviles it mercilessly and banishes it unconditionally.

"We're pushing back barriers ever' day, pushing

Jesse Jackson may not be what everybody had in mind, but he's what we got. It's as if for the second coming, Jesus Christ came back as a bookie.

back mountains every day," he's telling us.

"It's not enough to be strong, you must also be good. Hitler was strong, but he was wrong. Mussolini was strong, but he was wrong. Botha in South Africa is strong, but he is wrong!" The audience breaks into applause and encouragement. "We must, along with being strong, be good," pleads Jackson, playing the trumpet one scale down, "because if you're good, you build good character."

"My campaign is to make America better—and we're winning every day. Against the odds of cynicism, the party, the press, the pundits, culture, the invisible hand—we keep winning every day!" The crowd love it and briefly the "woo, woo" chant comes up.

He talks about the black struggle and the leaders who were killed in it ("Martin was killed, Malcolm was killed," the trumpet sad and soft) and talks movingly about the working man as the victim of economic violence. At one point during his "What do I want?" speech, had he said he wanted his MTV, the crowd would have rushed into the street to get it for him. When he gets to the "I understand the odds" part of the speech, the crowd exhort him all the way. They know he does. When he says "and I qualify!" a black woman shouts out "Yes you do!"

The great tragedy will be if he is shut out at the convention, if all the Jackson campaign turns out to be was a good show, its message of hope left like confetti in the gutter outside the convention hall. Because if that happens the middle class will get over it; the poor are used to it.

Jackson's empathy for the poor, and the Palestinian homeless and victims of apartheid, is powerfully genuine, which is why so much of what he says jars us in contrast to the studied, safe speeches of Bush and Dukakis. Dukakis, for instance, doesn't favor militarily aiding Mozambique so they can defend themselves against South African-backed rebels, and neither, I suppose, does the average, white American voter. But Jackson wants to send them support, because he understands their war, it's been his on other levels. One day a smoother black politician will come along and take something off of his fastball, mix in a few off-speed pitches in with his repertoire and fool the batters more. But for now, Jesse Jackson, the simultaneous master and victim of the paradoxes of his life, will ultimately be undone by his honesty and sincerity.

In his speeches he stops this short of saying, belting in that ghostly reincarnation, "I have a dream!" He is not merely an extension of King yet in a way his message is an inevitable echo of King's, like the echo of a wave in a cove, undying and unchanging, trapped forever in a pocket of time and history and culture.

Jackson may be more driven than King was, whatever the reason. But, like Tantalus, he may have been sentenced to an eternity of reaching for the apple and never getting it. Stockton is one more

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Continued on page 95

HALL & OATES from page 37

"The Seventies were a mixed-up time, and we were no exception," says Oates. "Part of it might have been the hodgepodge Yorkville neighborhood we lived in, because environment is a big part of the music you write and the crowd you identify with. This uptown corner of Manhattan was a mix of young businessmen, airline stewardesses..."

"... And," Hall interjects, "let's not forget all the old German war veterans singing Nazi songs in these zither-music cafés!"

"Our main hangouts in the area were Kenny's Castaways, then located in the East 80s, and a rock 'n' roll saloon next to the old Ruppert Brewery called Home. John Lennon used to drink there with the guys from Elephant's Memory. Other regulars were Peppy Castro from the Blues Magoos, Billy and Bobby Alessi, and a girl I dated named Shelley Plimpton—all of whom starred in the Broadway cast of *Hair*. Peppy and the Alessi twins also had the influential New York band Barnaby Bye, and then the brothers went out on their own, but mainly the whole crowd were songwriters for people like Peter Frampton, Richie Havens."

Gradually the circle expanded to embrace Philly orphan Todd Rundgren and the clutch of crack session musicians he favored. As gentrification seeped into the East 80s, everyone either moved down to the Village, tagged along with Rundgren to Woodstock, New York, or became a rounder on a ragged orbit that included Bearsville Studios upstate, Max's Kansas City and the Bitter End in the city, and the Mercer Arts Center—"which was better known as the Mercer Quaaludes Center," says Daryl Hall. "This was 1972-73, the heyday of the New York

Dolls, and the Arts Center was a lovable concert dive off the lobby of the Broadway Central Hotel, a welfare fleabag in the East Village. If we weren't wasted over at Max's—or onstage, because we double-billed there with Springsteen and a lot of other people—we were getting into mischief at the Mercer Arts."

Indeed, the Mercer Arts scene was a debauched tableau that would've made Henry VIII blush, teeming with cokehead cross-dressers and tarted-up rock poseurs of every stripe.

"Man," moans John Oates, "the worst thing that ever happened to me was when platform shoes went out of style."

"I used to wear skin-tight satin pants," says Oates, "and these halter top shirts with little puff sleeves. On top of that I put a white dog fur coat, and I finished off the ensemble with red, white, and blue platform sandals with four-inch soles."

"Man," moans the puggish singer, flushed with conflicting emotions, "the worst thing that ever happened to me was when platforms went out of style."

At the end of the night, or the first light of dawn, everybody teetered over to the tiny Pink Teacup

on Bleecker Street for a soul food breakfast.

"And then I'd go home to my cheery apartment," Oates deadpans, "with the windows blacked out with crayon and tinfoil. Sunlight wasn't high on my list of priorities in those days. We needed to tour to earn some money, so we took an opening slot on a lineup with Cheech and Chong, and Dan Hicks and his Hot Licks, during a swing through Florida."

"Oooh," Hall sighs, stirred by the reminiscence, "that was the trip where Hicks's people had a sex game they used to play backstage, sorta like Monopoly. It was a board game except it had to do with wife-swapping and exotic drugs."

"So now we needed a vacation," says Oates, "because Daryl had wrecked our GTO by accidentally ramming it under the rear end of some hooker's car one night on Park Avenue. So we chose wisely, and got out of town by joining a thirty-city marathon with Lou Reed, who was at his all-time, *Rock and Roll Animal* freakiest! I've got Super-8 movies of him being shoved on stage in full stagger, while the rest of the band was punching each other out."

Hall & Oates returned to New York City just in time for the collapse of the facade of the Broadway Central Hotel, which resulted in the building being condemned and the Mercer Arts Center shuttered. The pair fled to Los Angeles in 1975, where they redoubled their efforts at songwriting and became genuine radio stars on the merits of smash singles like "Sara Smile." After a world tour, they returned to LA to rent the home of *Playboy* centerfold Stella Stevens—best known for her role as Appassionata von Climax in the film *Li'l Abner*. The superb *Bigger than Both of Us* LP and the Number One single,

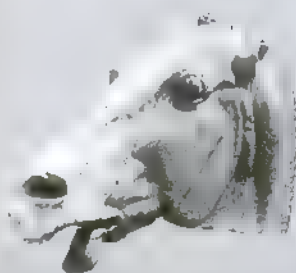
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"Rich Girl," resulted from these labors. Soon afterward, however, the team tumbled into a commercial cul de sac when any and all beat-based music was dismissed during the Disco Sucks backlash. They languished on the rock-pop sidelines for nearly four years worth of hitless albums—although *Along the Red Ledge* (1978) and *X-Static* (1979) garnered their greatest critical raves up to that point.

It wasn't until they began producing themselves for 1980's *Voices* that a reversal of Hall & Oates's fortunes arrived.

"It sounds trite," says Hall, "but after all this stadium rock and *Spinal Tap* production sludge we realized we had to get back to our roots. The stuff that turned us on as teenagers was what we wanted to do anyway, so we retooled our entire performance and writing approach to reflect the intimacy of our singing. Our vocal mesh became the star again, and our songs became the show."

Voices generated a slew of hits—"How Does It Feel to Be Back," "Kiss on My List," "You've Lost That Loving Feeling," "You Make My Dreams"—but Hall & Oates knew they were in the right place before the LP ever reached the stores.

"I remember walking down West Fourth Street after this pre-release *Voices* listening party we'd held for friends," says Oates, "and suddenly I was in tears, sobbing uncontrollably. I'd never felt that much emotion and inner gratitude for anything I'd ever done in music before. It really burst my heart."

Since that time, Hall & Oates have never lacked for airplay or Top Ten sales. Critical acclaim, though, has been slower in coming. While Anglo soul acts like Boy George, Simply Red, the Pet Shop Boys, Johnny Hates Jazz, and Wet Wet Wet have

all mined aspects of Hall & Oates's innovative rock 'n' soul esthetic, none can match the men themselves for R&B songcraft with an adroit rock vigor. George Michael may have recently been anointed as the fairest new face in blue-eyed soul, but the gap between his body of work and that of Hall & Oates is like the difference between Elton John and Irving Berlin.

"Sometimes a classic form like a pop song is so deceptively simple that the beauty is tough to see," says Oates. "A lot of people have done Dylanesque wordplay in the last decade to get attention. Clever couplets are another shortcut onto the pop charts. But try to condense an honest emotion into a single within the restrictions of meter, rhyme, meaning, and the sound of the syllables themselves. And then attempt to put a band sound behind it to power it home with clarity as well as impact."

"It's not an easy sound to toss out," Hall instructs, "because it must always have the vitality of a live performance or it falls flat. In a way, the song traces the sound of American cities as they've evolved in our era."

After this unaccustomed philosophical concord, Daryl Hall and John Oates both excuse themselves to catch separate taxis back to their respective hearths. Several weeks onward, as the rejuvenated duo prepares to strike out on a year-long global concert trek, they are characteristically balancing their music with other, more offbeat interests.

"I'm pretty concerned about local politics up in Dutchess County," Hall confesses one afternoon after band practice at SIR rehearsal studios on West 25th Street. "They're gonna ruin that corner of the state with sleazy re-zoning practices and slick development, the same way they spoiled Cedarville

and so much of Berks and Montgomery counties in Pennsylvania. My girlfriend Sara and I have been spending a lot of our time at town meetings about these issues."

What about sober, reliable John Oates? Is he relieved that Daryl and he have triumphantly reunited around the acclaimed *Ooh Yeah!!*?

"Sure, but I've also been thinking how pleased I am that I gave up professional auto racing. During the making of many of our albums in the Eighties, I used to take off weekends to drive in races at Daytona and other big tracks. My last big race was around the time of *Big Bam Boom*, when I was driving a Pontiac Fiero in a 500-mile endurance test in Elkhart Lake, Wisconsin. I was in third place when the transmission seized going into a turn. The rear wheels locked, and the car plunged into an embankment. I woke up in the ambulance with my helmet split open, feeling pretty upset with myself."

Because it was a close call, eh?

"Oh, no. Because I knew I wasn't giving this high-stakes racing the level of attention it deserved! I've decided to go on the racing circuit this year—Monte Carlo, Indy, and the rest—but probably solely as a spectator. I mean, you can't do everything. Between band rehearsals and my flight schedules, I barely have a spare moment to finish this great book I've been immersed in."

Another pilot's manual?

"Huh? No, it's called *The Gnostic Gospels*. It's based on the Dead Sea Scrolls and all these suppressed mystical doctrines of an early Christian sect sympathetic to Egyptian hermetic teachings. The material is riveting. I mean, you don't know what you're missing!"



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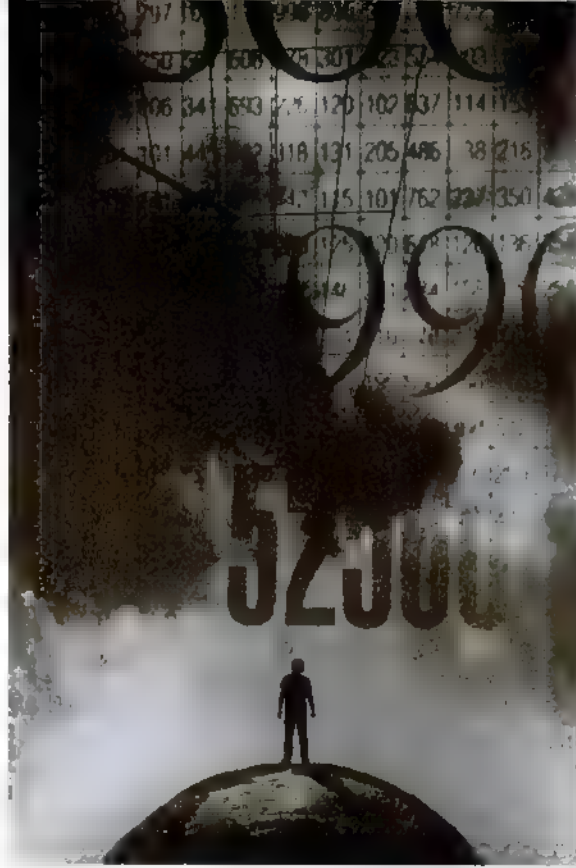
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Number of people who die of AIDS every two hours in the United States: 5. Number of new cases diagnosed every day in the United States: 106. Years between the outbreak of the epidemic and Reagan's first mention of it in public: 6. The total amount spent by the United States on AIDS research and education since 1982: less than the Pentagon spends in one day.

A . I . D . S .

Words from the Front

Column by Celia Farber

Photograph by William Duke

Almost everything we hear and read about AIDS in the media these days conflicts with something we've heard or read before. *Cosmopolitan* promises that it's almost impossible for heterosexuals to get AIDS, and then a few weeks later, a reckless book by "sex experts" Masters and Johnson tells us we're foolish if we believe that we can't get AIDS from a toilet seat. Somehow, the same statistics have been stretched and twisted to reach completely contradictory conclusions. So who are you supposed to believe? We asked the Centers for Disease Control, the World Health Organization, local health departments, the Gay Men's Health Crisis, the American Foundation for AIDS Research, the AIDS Coalition to Unleash Power (ACT UP), and others to give us some straight answers to some basic questions.

AIDS deaths in the United States as of May 1988: 34,526
 People living with AIDS in the United States in May 1988: 26,057
 People living with ARC in the United States: 250,000

The median age of AIDS patients in the United States: 36
 Earliest documented evidence of HIV infection: 1959 (blood sample from Zaire)
 People estimated to be infected with HIV worldwide: 15 million; and by 1991: 100 million
 People estimated to be HIV-positive in the United States: 1.5–2 million
 Number of American men, aged 20 to 50, who, according to government projections, are infected with HIV: 1 in 30
 AIDS cases reported worldwide since 1981: 85,273
 AIDS cases reported in the United States since 1981: 60,583
 AIDS cases reported in Africa since 1981: 19,995
 AIDS cases reported in Asia since 1981: 231
 Number of cases reported in New York City during the first half of 1979: 1
 Number of cases reported during the first half of 1987: 1,838
 AIDS cases among homosexual/bisexual men in the United States since 1981: 37,805

Estimated number of homosexual men in the United States: 2.5 million
 Estimated portion infected with HIV: 20–25 percent
 Estimated number of bisexual men: 2.5–7.5 million
 Estimated portion infected with HIV: 5 percent
 Rate of increase of new infections among homosexual men in San Francisco from 1981 to 1982: 21 percent
 Same rate from 1986 to 1987: 1 percent
 AIDS cases among intravenous (IV) drug abusers in the United States since 1981: 11,014
 AIDS cases among homosexual males who were also IV drug abusers: 4,420
 Estimated number of regular IV drug abusers: 900,000
 Estimated portion infected with HIV: 25 percent
 Estimated number of occasional intravenous drug abusers: 200,000
 Estimated portion infected with HIV: 5 percent
 Rate of new infections among IV drug abusers in 1987: 7–8 percent

Percentage of sex partners of infected addicts who become infected: 40 to 60

AIDS cases among hemophiliacs in the United States since 1981: 589

Number of Hemophilia A patients: 12,400

Estimated portion infected with HIV: 70 percent

Number of Hemophilia B patients: 3,100

Estimated portion infected with HIV: 35 percent

AIDS cases among heterosexuals in the United States since 1981: 2,458

Heterosexual AIDS cases who had had sexual contact with a person with AIDS or at high risk for AIDS: 1,456 (318 men; 1,138 women)

Heterosexual AIDS cases who were born in countries where AIDS is "spread heterosexually": 1,002 (780 men, 222 women)

Number of heterosexuals not belonging to a high-risk group in the United States: 142 million

Estimated portion infected with HIV: 0.021 percent

Heterosexual men in New York City who have contracted AIDS from women since 1981: 11

Heterosexual women in New York City who have contracted AIDS from men since 1981: 360

Percentage of homosexual men who, according to a study done by the Gay Men's Health Crisis, have had sex with a woman in the last five years: 14.5

Cases attributed to secondary or tertiary transmission (contracting AIDS through non-"high risk" partners): none

Number of AIDS cases in the United States attributed to "casual" transmission (i.e., transmission from kissing, hand-shaking, toilet seats, mosquito bites, etc.): none

AIDS cases with an undetermined cause in the United States since 1981: 1,886

Percentage of "undetermined" cases that later became reclassified into high-risk populations: 72

AIDS cases among recipients of blood transfusions in the United States since 1981: 1,456

The incidence of AIDS among white people in the United States: 189 per million

The incidence of AIDS among blacks in the United States: 578 per million

The incidence of AIDS among Hispanics in the United States: 564 per million

Seventy-one percent of all women with AIDS in the United States are black or Hispanic.

Minority women are 13 times more likely to have AIDS than white women.

Of all children with AIDS in the United States, 77 percent are black or Hispanic.

The New York City Department of Health estimates that 1,000 babies will be born infected with HIV in 1988 in New York City.

In 1988, 1,620-4,860 babies will be born with HIV in the United States.

There are 60 reports of AIDS-related discrimination in New York City each month.

On the average, 48 persons each month report that they are refused health care because they have AIDS, 20 report that they have been evicted from their homes, and 20 report that they have been fired from their jobs.

People diagnosed with AIDS, ARC, or HIV seroprevalence are 66.15 times more likely to commit suicide than the general population.

Of all the suicides, 60 percent occur within six months of diagnosis.

The longest-surviving AIDS patient has had AIDS

Continued on page 96

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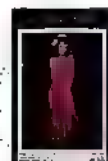
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Throwing Muses *House Tornado* Sire

First thing you hear is this voice. Singing or babbling like a little girl alone in the back yard, trilling like a crazy old woman. Sometimes the voice annoys you, sometimes it liberates. At first, the guitars are just dark rustling curtains, minor keys leaking from every fold. Drums beat a watchpiece confidence though, and the bass is warm, sinuous, guiding and luring out spindly melodies from the guitars. The playing is

flighty, perhaps, but never unsure. The sound is bittersweet and comforting. You come to expect and delight in the little sounds: fingers dragging across strings, church bells out of nowhere.

All of this coalesces. The precise, emotive drumming, crisp autumnal guitars, interpreter bass, they all come together in songs that won't behave like normal children. Lurching maypole dances, bongo-driven Amityville hoedowns. The songs go sideways and launch away unexpectedly. Throwing Muses don't know how to spell. That's good.

Which is to say they don't care about making hits. Which is not to say they haven't done just that. If radio didn't = chickenshit, "Walking in the Dark" and "Juno" would both—could both—be handily bending the shape of the airwaves. The former begins with rainy piano and a broken confession from Muse K. Hersh, but somehow swells into an unblinkingly brave shuffle, the piano now tinkling nonchalantly, the tempo so easy. And "Juno" is a hauntingly happy, near-tribal celebration of birth and pain, which concludes with the

words, "Now I can be balancing."

Life/death conflagrations are no surprise in an album called *House Tornado*. House tornado, storm in box. Trouble in mind. Bothers me, bothers you inside. A cathartic whirl of tension and release, fear and joy, Throwing Muses' call to sisters. Sing the inside song and hold your head up, woman.

—Pat Blashill

Above: Throwing Muses' Kristin Hersh thinks, "Mouth, don't make me say that." Then she says it.

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Aaron Rappaport

Neil Young and the Bluenotes This Note's For You Warner Brothers

I remember the day I first accepted Neil Young as my personal savior. It was long ago and I was on a beach near a canyon with Buffy St. Seagull. We were all alone, on account of it being February and gray, and we were coming down. I wanted to get under her sweater, but Buffy pushed my hand away. Something about possibly ruining our friendship. She braced herself for the fifth or sixth backrub that night, but instead I reached for my acoustic guitar with the "Question Authority" sticker. As the waves of desolation pounded the shore, sometimes nipping at our bare feet and distressed jeans, I strummed softly, without apology. Then, with the high-pitched pathos of a burglar's hollow

alibi, I broke into song: "Oh to live on Sugar Mountain, with the barkers and the colored balloons." Less than an hour later, my friendship with Buffy St. Seagull was completely ruined. We yelped like otters for the rest of the night and didn't say a word at breakfast.

Though I am still one with Neil, the lazy bastard hasn't gotten me laid in at least ten years. The barren landscapes of *On the Beach*, *Tonight's the Night*, and *Zuma* have given way to overdressed homages to dreckno-pop (*Trans*), schlockabilly (*Good Rockin' Tonight*), and country (does anyone remember the name of that good ol' release?). This year's model finds Neil Cooder exploring rhythm and blues and starting to dress a lot like Doug Sahm. But damn if this doesn't sound like a record that really wanted to get made. In R&B, the genre conquerer operates within a form that emphasizes themes of feeling, expression,

and a love for music that transcends financial considerations.

The visionary-as-sweathog is a role that Neil has never been above slipping in and out of. When some second-rate Dylan clone sang, "You're gonna have to serve somebody" a few years back, he looked toward the heavens. But Neil Young finds his salvation in blue-collar backbeateries, where music is little more than a groove that makes people feel good, three sets a night. On the opener, "Ten Men Workin'," the glamor of show biz is peeled away to reveal men at work. "We got a job to do/We gotta keep you rockin'/To keep your soul from the blue," the employee croons, setting up the title track's bite at artists who sell their souls for ad money. Today's sermon is about musical integrity as Neil declares, "Ain't singin' for Miller/Ain't singin' for Bud/I won't sing for politicians/Ain't singin' for Spuds." You see, Neil's got "the Real

Too weird and too skinny for power lunches, young Canadian Neil Young finds his salvation in the blue-collar backbeateries of the heart.

Thing, baby" and it's not some caramel-colored thong that can rot your teeth. It's a horn-powered monster that makes its notes for you, not beer commercials. The tin soldiers and Nixon have come and gone. The villains of Neil's protest songs today are Eric Clapton and the Long Ryders.

The distinctive Les Paul, the melodic sense, and the little words that could are as intact as the mutton-chops, however. When Neil isn't just rewording standards like "Midnight Hour" and "Dust My Broom," he manages to create a few classics of his own. "Twilight" is stark and soulful; "Coup DeVille" is a throwback to the days of whining neurosis; "One Thing" is the blues, down and under the covers. Mainly, though, the only ground-shaking on this LP is caused by abandon on the dance floor.

—Michael Corcoran

Graham Parker The Mona Lisa's Sister RCA

Graham Parker has spent much of his career being the man out of time. When he first showed up in the mid-Seventies, furiously spitting out the lyrics to such righteously arresting songs as "Don't Ask Me Questions" and "Fool's Gold" in a growling R&B-tinged voice, the likes of which hadn't been heard from the other side of the Atlantic since the young Van Morrison first shook his fist at an unyielding sky, it seemed like this little British pub rocker was ready to conquer the world. Only problem was that that world, the one filled with roots-conscious, soul-leaning listeners, never really materialized. Parker's terrific first albums, *Howling Wind* and *Heat Treatment* both came out in 1976—great timing if you were a safety-pinned punk. By the time 1979's *Squeezing Out Sparks* (released at the height of new wave glasnost) made it to AOR radio and got him a decent audience, many thought of him as some kind of corollary to Elvis Costello, and when his next few records failed to match the intensity of *Sparks*, Parker seemed doomed to the "whatever happened to . . ." list. So you can imagine my pleasure in reporting that Parker is not only alive and well, but still kicking, and that *The Mona Lisa's Sister* may quite possibly be the finest moment of Parker's career.

Working with old pub cohort Brinsley Schwartz, Parker has somehow managed the impossible—he has, indeed, gone home again. Like his earli-

est work, the sound of this album is lean and spare—as with the best of white soul, the wide-angled music enables you to get inside and feel your way around—and there's nothing extraneous about the songs themselves, either. Like John Hiatt, Parker is "hamp-ered" only by the fact that he can write and sing many kinds of songs exceedingly well: It's hard to believe that the same ferocious voice railing

Pointer Sisters **Serious Slammin'** RCA

"Lord have mercy," warns a sister on *Serious Slammin'*, the title track opening the Pointer Sisters' hot new dance album. Lord save me from this serious funk, 'cause I can't sit down when this record is spinning.

Besides an unstoppable beat—tons of percussion, bass, and synthesizers—*Serious Slammin'* offers three dance tracks with feminist themes about independent spirits who must split from unhealthy relationships. The upbeat pace on "My Life" boosts the resilient lyrics: "This is my life and I'm callin' all the shots this time." On "Pride," our narrator wonders why she stays with a man who makes her feel so unsatisfied; and that segues into "Uh Uh," where the woman packs her bags, explaining: "It takes more than talking. You've got to do something new."

Considering that the singers didn't write anything here, they render these right-on lyrics with fresh conviction. Yet the affirmations don't come across heavy-handed, and the assertive material is balanced with stuff like, "I Will Be There," a loyalty pledge to the right guy, and "He Turned Me Out," a steamy tale about a bar pick-up.

A few cuts recall earlier Pointer Sisters hits, but that's all right because the formulas still work. *Serious Slammin'* reasserts that Anita, June, and Ruth Pointer can get down—and pick radio-oriented singles. The proof is in the groove. Shut up and dance.

—Kate Walter

against the world's horrors on "Don't Let It Break You Down" and "OK Hieronymus" can be so tender on the beautiful "I'm Just Your Man," or that a writer so camera-ready in his imagery at some points ("Back in Time") can be so ethereally opaque at others ("Blue Highway"). It's also hard to believe that a record with so many different facets can be so remarkably clear in its vision—of a better world, which leans towards the soul and honors its roots. Perhaps, finally, Graham Parker's time has come.

—Billy Altman



Greg Gershoff/Reina Ltd.

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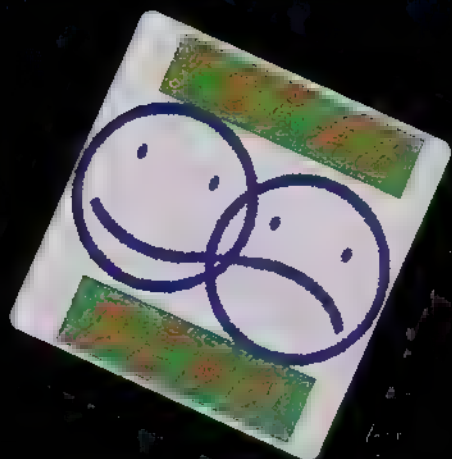


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ENIGMA RECORDS



Timbuk 3 Eden Alley IRS

With the release of *Eden Alley*, Timbuk 3 is two for two. This one is as good as the last one, *Greetings from Timbuk 3*, and the title track here should sound as good on the car radio heading to the beach as "Future's So Bright I Gotta Wear Shades" did two summers ago. Pat and Barb McDonald are no Zager and Evans: They've followed their personal "In the Year 2525" with an LP containing at least one number that should throw a little bacon onto that flash in their pan.

"Eden Alley" is a tune I didn't think Timbuk 3 had in them. It's clever words are no surprise, nor are the Louvin-Brothers-as-married-couple harmonies. But it's an effortlessly perfect pop song from a group that always seems to think too hard. Also, where many of the McDonalds's riffs are as easy to trace as a two-hour phone call from kidnappers, "Eden Alley" comes from that special place where God sends the melodies that he can't get out of his head. From *Timbuk 3* we expect sardonic re-wordings of delta ditties, not something you hum all day at work until an all-Beatles power pak changes your tune. When you buy this album, play the title track first and then start at the beginning. It'll make you appreciate the other songs more, just like you started digging Jackson Pollock more when you saw that he could also kick ass on a bowl of fruit.

Though their debut record sold 300,000 copies, all but about 50,000 of those sales were due to the success of "Future's So Bright." Two other singles from the LP stiffed, as did the seasonal 12-inch single "All I Want for Christmas." Pat and Barb know what works for them: muddy harmonica, unisex harmonies, and funny, sketchy lyrics. That's what *Eden Alley* is all about. Unlike his earliest model, Bob Dylan, but like his latest one, Steve Forbert, Pat McDonald can blow some good harp. He's there on almost every song, knocking down the rent with bluesy bursts of air. That harmonica is becoming as much a trademark of the Timbuk sound as the violin was to It's a Beautiful Day. Also

prominent is the engaging combination of the voices of this band's only two members. Not since Sonny and Cher can't recall a mixed duo whose female sang an octave lower than the male. More importantly, though, Timbuk 3 has underlined that there is more to them than a car radio hit and a stage-clearing gimmick. When the jambox is gone and replaced by Waddy Wachtel and Russ Kunkel, when the McDonalds have divorced and taken younger, tanner spouses, when they have ex-managers and disgruntled former employees, when the music biz becomes more than this Midwestern couple can handle, they'll still have great songs inside them waiting to get out. And when they die, some songs will be in heaven before the devil knows the chords.

—Michael Corcoran



Cheap Trick Lap of Luxury Epic

The rest of the world may have forgotten, but for those of us concerned with the ever-expanding East-West consumer electronics/entertainment cataclysm, the digestion of CBS Records by Sony Japan remains a subject of continuing scrutiny. The Nipponese post-buyout touring success of CBS's (M)-squared Jackson and Jagger combined with Billy Joel's "reaching out" to our Russkie comrades demonstrates what American rock isolationists had long feared—that Far Eastern control of Western pop music may lead to a new form of "One-World" rock.

A key platter that matters in this potential thesis is "Lap of Luxury," Cheap Trick's first post-Sony CBS release. The Tricksters are obviously in a pivotal position—very popular in Japan (just one of several CBS artists with well-received Live/Budokan albums; see also M. Davis and B. Dylan) yet deeply rooted in the Yank rock tradition. In need of a butt-kicking sales boost, Cheap Trick could easily reactivate their career with a softened "universal" sound.

For those fans in a maudlin mood, grab a brewski, light up a Marlboro,

turn out the lights, and auto-select directly to "The Flame" which features a great Bun E. Carlos beat and tempo, and a crying guitar track. It's the Trick at its finest with apropos lyrics ("You were the first, you'll be the last") and AOR vocals.

Equally Tricky is "Wrong Side of Love" (a tune Loverboy would die for) with fab chord changes and vocal acrobatics; and "Ghost Town" (a tune Motley Crue would die for—could be as big for them as "Home Sweet Home"), with great vocal arrangements and a George Harrison sound-alike guitar solo.

Richie Zito's production is everything you ever wanted in a mall-rock album and the packed tracks and mod production will make you glad you decided to switch to CD. This latter element—the hardware-software connection—is the only evidence of Sony's all-pervasive influence. Whereas Trick was satisfying on vinyl, their current craft production standard demands CD reproduction—a factor which can only help Sony in its attempt to consumer-electronicize the human race. Nonetheless, "Lap of Luxury" is neither tainted nor tarnished by the Yen-Yank axis. Our entertainment industry is one of the few growing American corporate giganito non-denominational industries not contributing to the massive trade deficit—and among those we can thank are the revived AOR Seventies rock stereotypes such as Aerosmith, Heart, ZZ Top, and now, Cheap Trick.

—The New Rich Stim

Joan Jett & the Blackhearts Up Your Alley Blackheart/CBS

How do I love Joan Jett? Lemme count the ways, 1,2,3,4! She's the Czarina of Crunch, the Princess of Powerchords. If I were a 14-year-old girl, I'd wanna be Joan Jett. Hell, if I were a 14-year-old boy, I'd wanna be Joan Jett. She sings like she's chewing big wads of gum, says "hawht" instead of heart, "yeoah" instead of you, and makes the best mouth sounds—all those "huh!s" and "aaawrghs." On *Up Your Alley* Joan aaawrghs like a house on fire. She's got more rock 'n' roll attitude in one li'l tweezeed eyebrow than all those L.A. pretty boy bands have collectively.

Even though she's been basically doing the same two songs over and over—who cares? She wears her heart on her sleeve, then dares you to break it: "I Hate Myself for Loving You," "You Want In, I Want Out," "I Wanna Be Your Dog"—yes, Joan does Iggy—who else would have the balls? Move over Debbie Gibson, it's love songs



from a girl who calls her loverboy "scumbag."

Joan Jett screeches and kicks her way through another fab collection of tunes. What she lacks in finesse, she makes up in a from-the-heart belief in the power and the glory of rock 'n' roll. Even the addition of semi-session dudes Kasim Sultan and Thommy Price doesn't dampen the garage-band-with-a-better-PA sound of the Blackhearts. *Up Your Alley's* got everything you could hope for on one piece of vinyl: cheesy organ riffs, booming drum sound, demented Chuck Berry riffs (a great cover of "Tulane"), glam rock production (that means it sounds like an old Sweet or Slade record), simplistic lyrics, minimal chord changes, and above all, the wonderfully whiney-brat "I'll-fuck-you-over-before-you-fuck-me-over" vocal stylings of the ever groovy Ms. Jett. Not since the Ramones has someone made three chords sound as full, fun, and good. Joan can take the clichéd ("Ridin' with James Dean") and make it sound cool, 'cause she believes. In a perfect world, Joan would be a goddess. In the real world, Joan Jett is as much rock 'n' roll as the law will allow.

—Amy Linden



Ian Matthews Walking a Changing Line Windham Hill

Let's face it—if anything is going to save New Age music from its wimpiest Muzak tendencies, it's going to be vo-

TALKING HEADS VIDEO

Harrison

Weymouth

STORYTELLING



...begin to speak
...them and they begin to speak

...Wild Wild Life • Stay I Hate • Crossed
...Burning Down the House • And She Was
...The Most Beautiful Place (Naive Melody) • The Lady Don
...I'll Love for • Road to Nowhere



Column by
Glenn O'Brien

There's still time, brother. There's still time, sister. It's not too late. You can still listen to music. What they say about real estate, "God's not making any more," is not yet, not quite true about music. Music is still being made, and if God is still alive, you can bet He's involved. And an incredible amount of actual music is still here for those who are interested in finding out why it's makers made it before moving on.

The pose is dead. The music is alive. We're talking serious attitude adjustment here. We're talking art you just plug right into your head and all that jazz.

Gil Evans died this year at the age of 75, but his music still brings people to life. Evans was one of the world's master musicians. The virtuoso arranger of his era, he worked with Charlie Parker, Miles Davis, and many other great players. He also led his own orchestra and smaller combos from the Fifties until he died.

Evans started changing the way things sound as an arranger with the Claude Thornhill band just after World War Two. He took the bop ideas of Charlie Parker, Lester Young, Dizzy Gillespie into the realm of the orchestra, and in doing so was, along with Miles Davis, instrumental in creating the "cool" school. But Gil Evans was more than an arranger to the stars, tidying up their own ideas. Evans the arranger was essentially a composer, an auteur, and everything he did consistently extended the realm of music. He was always listening and learning, and using what he learned. He studied Louis Armstrong the way others study Einstein or Freud. He made transcendental use of the samba and Spanish idioms. He liked the possibilities of the electric guitar and what rock players did with it; he was open to the artistic possibilities on the other side of the A&R department.

In the late Sixties he became intrigued with a young musician named Jimi Hendrix. He saw in Hendrix what he had seen in Parker twenty years earlier—a fountainhead of pure inspired knowledge. Evans and Hendrix planned to work together, but Hendrix

JAZZ

died before they could get together. Evans's interest in Hendrix continued, though, and in 1974 he recorded *Gil Evans Plays the Music of Jimi Hendrix*. (RCA, out of print. Write to GE or Letterman.)

This casually mindblowing album is very hard to find, and expensive if you find it, but it's worth the search. You can get a taste of what it's about by listening to the Hendrix tracks on Gil Evans's most recent album *Gil Evans and the Monday Night Orchestra Live at Sweet Basil* (on Gramavision Records) and to Sting's version of "Little Wing," which is Gil Evans's version.

"Voodoo Chile" is an amazing work, with trombones neighing out the heavy melodic riff, the "guitar part," and it seems like a crazy joke, like Spike Jones on mescaline. But it has an incredible chill and it begins to work like a charm and you realize that a clownsuit is one form of witch doctor drag.

Evans's orchestral sound was different from the beginning—relying heavily on tubas, French horns, bass trombones, and bass clarinets. His arrangements often drift like conversant clouds on the air of those brass and woodwinds. Where earlier bands organized space in time, Evans expanded space and time. He created a sense of no boundaries. And those early flights of his were the test work for the later space explorations of Miles, the best of "psychedelia," and such things as Marvin Gaye's great orchestrations on the *What's Goin' On?* and *Trouble Man* albums.

Evans said of Jimi Hendrix, "he was unappreciated, even by himself." Gil Evans was also unappreciated, and an unfortunately substantial amount of his work is out of print or hard to find. Some of his best work with his own orchestra is available. *The Individualism of Gil Evans* (Verve), which features Wayne Shorter, Ron Carter, Eric Dolphy, Thad Jones, Elvin Jones, and Kenny Burrell, is available and should be obtained in the CD format where it has five additional tracks (including a version of Willie Dixon's "Spoonful," longer than any recorded by Cream!) and a playing time of 68:23. The sublime *Out of the Cool* (Impulse/MCA) from 1961 is widely available. And in better bins you may find the exquisitely kookie and freedomloving 1973 album *Svengali* (that's an anagram of Gil Evans), which has been reissued on Atlantic Jazzlore.

All of his work with Miles Davis is available, including *Birth of the Cool* (on Capitol Records), and *Sketches of Spain*, *Porgy and Bess*, *Miles Ahead*, and *Quiet Nights* (all on Columbia).

Check him out. Take my word for it. Or Sting's, if necessary.

There has been a slow but steady idiomatic swap meet throwdown hap-

pening between jazz players and funk players all along. Jazz and funk are the same thing, just different. James Brown made a couple of Jimmy Smith-bag jazz albums while sitting at the organ. Miles Davis got off on Sly Stone and Jimi Hendrix; his wild *On the Corner* album of 1973 sounds like a cubist rendering of the funk. He bopped the funk good and the funk needs to be bopped once in a while, just as the bop needs to be funkied almost constantly. Miles is still doing it, as in the deeply funky yet lyrical track of *Tutu*, created with Marcus Miller and George Duke. Jazz needs a drummer for people who need a beat. And it has other needs that can be satisfied only by being popular and hanging out with pop people popping that thing.

Lester Bowie, trumpet player with the Art Ensemble of Chicago since the early Seventies, has played his share of art funk, to the extent of sitting in with James Chance's *Contortions* and with his brother Joe Bowie's *Defunkt* in the late Seventies.

The new album *Twilight Dreams* by Lester Bowie's Brass Fantasy (Venture Records) is one of the smartest records you can sometimes dance to. It opens with "I Am With You," a knee-deep P-Funk groove laminated with multiple excursions of four trumpets, two trombones, a French horn, and a tuba. That tuba is the Bootsy Collins of lungs, farting out totally danceable bottom with the natural gases of human inspiration. It's heavy funk and it's just eight guys with horns and a guy with some drums.

Bowie has the nerve and wit to follow that up with an elaborately good-natured, marchable, and almost happy-to-the-point-of-macabre New Orleans rendition of the chestnut "Personality."

And Bowie has the colossal nerve to cover Michael Jackson's hit "Thriller" (written by Rod Temperton), investing it with a rich and thoughtful orchestral treatment (the arrangement is by trombonist Steve Turre), redeeming a melody that is ingrained in our brains and turning static knowledge and stale associations into a feast for thought. You can find some great stuff in the trash, and recycling is a jazz tradition. I'm sure Gil Evans would have loved this "Thriller." There is also a radically fun version of "Night Time (Is the Right Time)" and there is much more deluxe and delightful listening.

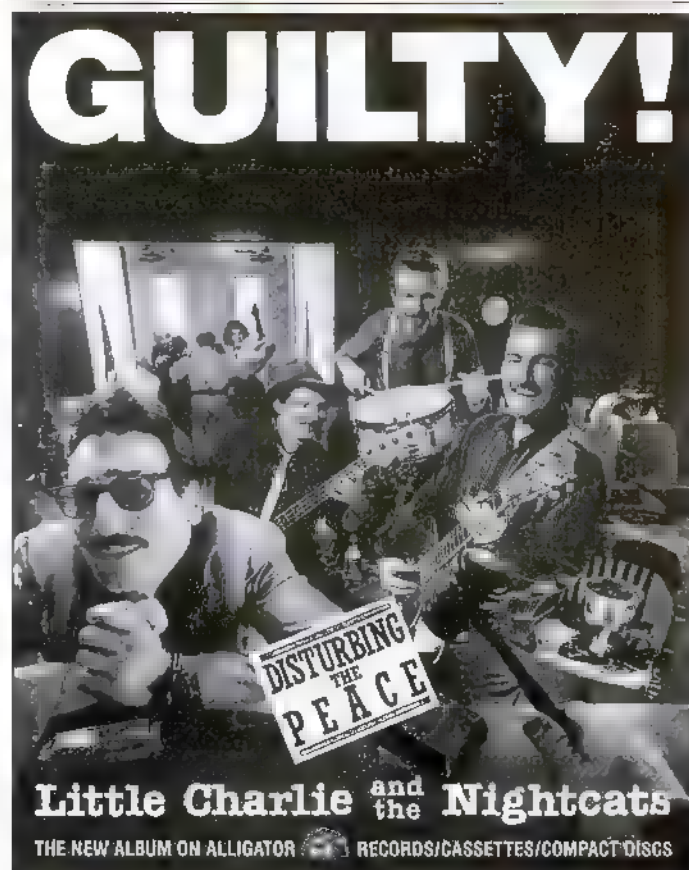
This is a timeless album. It's not just the instrumentation, which is obviously classical; the approach is outside a conventionally progressive frame of reference, yet it advances art. Lester Bowie works in time and in history, but he understands and demonstrates "the standard" and it's relation to the absolutes of life and art.

He is an artist of the highest standards and his brass posse is classically down.



Amaretto di Legere

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GUILTY!

Little Charlie and the Nightcats

THE NEW ALBUM ON ALLIGATOR RECORDS/CASSETTES/COMPACT DISCS



Mark Leibito

Continued from previous page

cals (read lyrics, i.e., emotional and intellectual content). And the pretty, crystalline voice of Ian Matthews is an ideal New Age instrument, an angelic choirboy's tenor that he's applied with unyielding taste to some 20 albums as a solo artist and member of groups like Fairport Convention and Matthews Southern Comfort.

As the old saw rasps, "It's not the singer, it's the song," but the right combination is everything; which is why Matthews chose to cover a whole album's worth of material by Jules Shear. Best known for penning hits like "If She Knew What She Wanted" and "All Through the Night," Shear is portrayed here as a far more incisive and inventive songwriter than those tracks might otherwise imply. Matthews's renditions are so complimentary they're almost reverent, with an equal, almost loving interplay among his singing, the sparse arrangements of synthesizers, acoustic guitar, and occasional string bass, and the considerable heart and muscle of Shear's words and melodies. It's a classic pop formula—like Sinatra singing Mercer with Nelson Riddle Strings. *Walking a Changing Line* is an impressively coherent collection that is—to borrow a line or two from Shear—"so beautifully furnished, so beautifully scripted."

—Rob Patterson

Herbie Hancock *Perfect Machine* Columbia

A while back, some fellow named Stone penned a tune about hot fun in the summertime, which is how I like it. *Perfect Machine*, though borrowing spiritually and materially from Sly Stone, comes on more like a snapshot of the event than the good time itself. That is, the bubbly music derives more substance from its brainy, jigsaw-puzzle-layering of nods to worldbeat, Stone, Clinton, and mixer/producer Bill Laswell's previous work than from rock-the-body inevitability. Hancock adopts a rather humble posture on most tracks as he uses his keyboards almost solely as a rhythm instrument, drawing up balaphone and gamelan sounds. In fact, much of *Perfect Machine*—particularly the instrumentals "Perfect Machine," "Maiden Voyage/P. Bop," and the New Agey "Chemical Residue"—sounds like rhythm tracks. Or is it music minus one? (A close listen will reveal DST scratching out some jazzy licks on turntable.)

As for the remainder—the single "Vibe Alive," "Obsession," and "Beat Wise"—they raise more questions than they answer musically. Like, why is Bootsy Collins playing the bass line to Stone's "Thank You" on the bright, catchy "Vibe Alive"? Yeah, Sly might speak the gospel truth, even on "Qué Sera, Sera," but this has gotta be the third or fourth time that bass line has cropped up on a Laswell production. And why do Sugarfoot Bonner's (of The Ohio Players) pinched-

nosed, too-cute-to-sweat vocals suddenly sound better once you know that it's him, not just sampling? A nod for weepy-eyed humanism and nostalgia, I guess. Sugar sounds good, without a doubt, but the Laswell-generated, cut-and-paste, bric-a-brac funk grooves are just too gauzy, too clinical, to steam me up.

—Don Palmer



The Golden Eagles *Lightning and Thunder* Rounder

Lightning and Thunder is the first unadulterated public invitation into the unique and often inaccessible world of the Mardi Gras Indians. The Indians are neighborhood groups of blacks who continue a tradition dating back more than two centuries when Afri-

cans befriended Indians outside of New Orleans. Though bereft now of African language and authentic tribal identities, the Indians continue customs that can be directly traced to their ancestors.

Consisting solely of vocals and percussion instruments, this record is a rhythm hound's goldmine. "African" here does not imply the extensive orchestration of juju music or any of the other African sounds to explode recently in this country, although the foundations of this music are surely tribal, working as much in call-and-response as unison singing. Because the voices are the instruments, there are almost always non-word sounds playing beneath the singing, inviting the listener to join in, much as you might if you'd stumbled into the H & B Bar on one of the evenings when these recordings were being made.

To my knowledge, there have been two previous releases of Mardi Gras Indian music, by the Wild Tchoupitoulas and the Wild Magnolias. The *Golden Eagles* album differs from the previous two like New Orleans differs from New York, like the Crescent City's uptown differs from downtown. This record is a document of an Indian "rehearsal," the gang staying in shape for Mardi Gras day; it was recorded on location in their headquarters with no tampering. Whoever was at the bar that night is on the record; if a microphone went out for a song, no overdubs were made; if meatballs and spaghetti were being pushed at the back of the bar, the album makes it known. Eat up!

—Robert Gordon

(L-R) Herbie Hancock, Branford Marsalis, Ron Carter.

SPIN-OFFS

X Live at the Whiskey A Go Go on the Fabulous Sunset Strip (Elektra) I'm not one to start rumors, but this record would make a perfect swan song for X. After their last two shaky attempts in the studio, especially *Ain't Love Grand*, this live career-retrospective heaves like a last gasp: manic, panicked, powerful—everything that made their first record, *Los Angeles*, the shattering piece of culture that it was. Their progress since then, culminating for me with *More Fun in the New World*, has moved toward ever more accessibility, occasionally sacrificing musical grit for airplay. (Never sacrificing lyrics, though.) But the music on *Live* will offend some; it'll scare more. Little kids who snapped along to *See How We Are* will have nightmares when they hear the discordance in "Unheard Music." X's body, recently tensed more for aerobics than a fight, here pummels on impact. There's twenty-something songs on this double vinyl dish. Your favorite is there (plus some new ones). Get it. Play it loud.

—Robert Gordon

DIVINE HORSEMEN *Handful of Sand* (SST) This generous (30 minute-plus) EP follow-up to the H'men's mighty necessary *Snakehandler* LP is a six-track studio/live outing that offers added proof (as if more were needed) that Chris D.'s post-Flesheaters concept works—and works hard. With stringman Peter Andrus hurling blocks of Stones-ish chordal fury, drummer Rex Roberts and bassist Robyn Jameson bashing and throbbing, and Chris D. and Julie Christensen singing their guts out, this never lets up from the brand spankin' new title track to the very hot live side. I know that the focal point of this show is Chris D.'s distinctive warble and literate wordplay, which is fine, but I've gotta rave about Julie Christensen. Her powerful, frequently stunning singing is worth the price of admission. Yes, she's that good.

—John Dougan

BUTTHOLE SURFERS *Hairway to Steven (Touch & Go)* Living by the credo "Don't Do Drugs, Be Drugs," invoking the corpses of Jimmy Swagart, Ronnie van Zandt, Michael Stipe, and Santana, alternating shimmering tangents of stained glass reverb with godawful noise, rewriting the same dreaded dream eight times (re-arranged chords or "live" show dynamics) in fine space opera tradition, destroying evil Smurfs with ray gun distorto feedback beams or voodoo Thud drumming, disguising our fears

as hee-larity, or vice versa, and I swear I'm not gonna stop screaming until someone like God, or at least Julio Iglesias, recognizes them for what they are: fuckin' blue chrome psychic portals to SOMEWHERE ELSE—ladies and gentlemen, the Butthole Surfers.

—Pat Blashill

feedtime *Shovel* (Rough Trade) feedtime make slag-heap rock 'n' roll as rank as any puke-varnished British pub ever belched up, while employing as thuddingly naked a manner as any Lower East Side raped-in-prison junkies you might name. Chords changing like an errant backhoe desperately down-shifting on the 45 lip of a ninety-foot cliff, drumming like the whap of a snapped belt on a jerry-rigged motor, vocal growls like from a guy who's worked 60 hours a week for 50 years, *Shovel* is thinking man's DWI music. I can think of no higher praise.

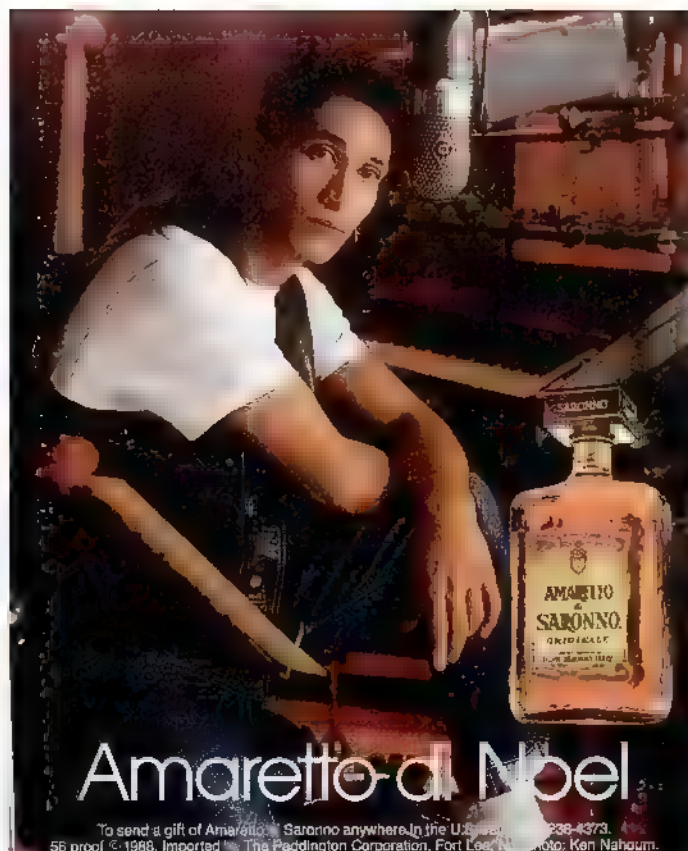
—Don Hawland

PONTY BONE AND THE SQUEEZETONES *My, My, Look at This* (Amazing) Ponty Bone and the Squeezetones play with a black cat bone. Ably abetted by Austin guitarists R.C. Banks and Jesse Taylor, Bone and the Squeezetones dance along the border between Louisiana and Texas, sometimes leaning to either side, but best when they create their own less-than-traditional Cajun sounds. The inclusion of songs by Memphis Slim and Champion Jack Dupree on the band's second album confirms the blues influence. Though it's not quite barrelhouse accordion, Bone's rendition of Slim's "Pigalle Love" is as much jumping blues as zydeco. "Way Back" drips with ease and drunken Sundays, while "Loser's Gumbo" and "Dat Crawfish" call forth the dancing spirit that inhabits all zydeco. Play dat thing! (Amazing Records, P.O. Box 2512, Austin, TX 78768)

—Robert Gordon

THE PIXIES *Surfer Rosa* (4AD) The Pixies are the second Boston-based band (the other being Throwing Muses) to be snapped up by England's coolly enigmatic 4AD label, and get the next-big-thing treatment from the U.K. press. But rather than xerox the Muse's wan art-folk, the Pixies prefer a tuneful art-grunt that isn't afraid of being too loud or abrasive, and the result is a beautifully brutal LP. With added sonic thrust from producer/antagonist Steve Albini, the Pixies combine the huge guitar buzz Albini fancied in Big Black with a rhythm rumble reminiscent of Wobble/Atkins-era PiL. Biggest fun is hearing Mrs. John (a/k/a Kim) Murphy wail through "Gigantic," which has a sound as huge as its title indicates.

—John Dougan



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SINGLES



Jean-Baptiste Mondino

Column by John Leland

When Bruce Springsteen began his tour preparations last winter, the news came over the radio that he'd be suiting his band up in leather this time around. The item wasn't much, but it was a rare catch nonetheless: a decent piece of gossip, grounds for speculation or at least comment, on Springsteen. Apart from a questionable attack on his labor practices that appeared in the English press, there'd been nothing even moderately juicy since his wedding. Even the Bruce-line, a 24-hour telephone news service, had called it quits.

Not that the Springsteen myth needs the odd gossip item. A big part of this myth is that we know the man through his music. The idea is that we can learn all we need to know about Springsteen from the way he looks on his album covers, the way he shouts the words he shouts, and the look of his videos. An ancillary part of the myth is that playing simple rock 'n' roll songs is a really hard thing to do, a task requiring heart and courage—as if it is Springsteen and not our friend the atom that makes the noise that fills the football stadiums. Consuming its own offspring, the myth maintains that it is a measure of his character that he undertakes this task. Springsteen's relationship with the public eye is unambiguous. He enters it to disclose

himself fully, which means, according to his mythology, to work. It exerts no force upon him; for his purposes it doesn't exist at all.

In an age in which the public eye is so powerful—it influences elections, behavior, the exercise of power—this is an incredible victory. It is Springsteen's victory over his age, an analogue to having his own nuclear free harbor. It is one more worldly force from which a rock star can isolate himself. To me, it makes Springsteen seem a notch less relevant.

Prince, on the other hand, confronts the public eye with everything he does. It loves him but cannot see him; he courts it and then eludes it. In contrast to Springsteen, what is most important—most interesting, most fascinating—about Prince is what the public eye does not see. He made a semiautobiographical movie which revealed only that he was a private person. He makes rhythmically, melodically complex songs and then tosses them off casually, as if they were demos. His work, unlike Springsteen's, discloses not character but the traces of genius, or at least inspiration, which are private matters. Their mechanisms are not open to inspection, not accessible to ordinary folks.

This I think makes Prince the rock star of our times. He's sexual but not casual. Prince is more a libertine than a hedonist. He doesn't trust us enough to share his pleasures.

His excesses are directed inward, excused by his talent rather than shared through it.

Prince's new single, "Alphabet St." (Paisley Park/Warner), is just about as good a record as the world has to offer, his best single since the last one. It sounds both deliberate and haphazard, as if the finishing touches would make the record complete in itself, cut it off from its author. The subject remains Topic A: Prince, how much of himself he wants to show us, how much he wants to direct our attention to his act of showing. Because with Prince, unlike with Springsteen, revelation is not a simple matter.

"Alphabet St." shows signs of the same declarative utopianism Prince has volleyed since "Pop Life." "Put the right letters together," he sings, "and make a better day," and the chorus supports him as if he were singing "Yes We Can Can." But even in this little utopia, he doesn't give himself fully, either to us or to the other characters in the song. When he goes to meet a girl, he says he's "Gonna talk so sexy, she'll want me from my head to my feet." The desire is all hers; he withholds even his own libidinal motives. He gets her in the back seat and proceeds to "drive her—to Tennessee." And when it comes time for the payoff, Prince tenders, "Excuse me baby, don't mean to be rude, I guess tonight I'm just not in the mood. So if you don't mind, I'd like to—watch."

There's something sinister about music that wants to turn you on and then watch you relieve yourself. It violates an agreement we like to think we have with our performers, an agreement that Springsteen and most everybody else upholds. Springsteen hands us the goods, sweat so real we can almost smell it. Prince throws a beautiful, alluring cape in our face and invites us to rush it. By now, most of us have been chasing long enough that we can sit back, dance, whatever, and just watch his mastery with the cape. It's remarkable, and no one out there can quite match it. And although both Prince and the audience will probably continue to approach our respective sides of the cape with distrust, there is also respect. In an age dominated by the media, the motions of the cape are in many ways more interesting than the myth of character.

THE A TEAM

- New Order**, "Blue Monday 1988" (Qwest)
- D-Moet & X-Calibur**, "Everything I Own"/"Good Foot" (EMF)
- Poison**, "Nothin' But a Good Time" (Capitol)
- JJ Fad**, "Supersonic" (Dream Team)
- Anthony & the Camp**, "Suspense" (Jellybean/Warner)
- Pebbles**, "Mercedes Boy" (MCA)
- Herbie Hancock**, "Vibe Alive" (Columbia)

apple. It's three weeks before the California primary, which he has little chance of winning, and which will probably lock up the Democratic nomination for Dukakis, but Jackson is still trying, not just going through the motions. He is winning here, conquering Stockton. But in the big picture Stockton Civic Auditorium is just a windmill, not a dragon. The difference between Jackson and Don Quixote is Jackson knows a windmill when he sees one and knows that what will count, what people will remember, is the flourish of the victory. They will forget it was a windmill.

As Jackson says at one point in his speech, when he stands next to Bush and Dukakis, he isn't on equal footing, he has had to travel a lot farther to get there. He has had to work harder than them to get to the same point.

"Hold your head high! You're winning every day. We've come too far from where we started—and we're too close to where we're going, hold your head high!"

He brings the house down.

Bakersfield

Back on the campaign plane, Jackson takes off his jacket wearily and puts it in the overhead bin. As I pass him, I tell him I thought he was great tonight. "Thanks, buddy," he mumbles. When the plane touches down twenty minutes later in Bakersfield, he goes straight to the motel in a Secret Service sedan.

In the bar, a Jackson staffer tells me how before the Democratic debates Jackson would go into Dukakis's dressing room and talk about nothing in particular, just because he knew it made Dukakis nervous.

Of all the candidates, Jackson liked Babbitt the best, and thought him the smartest and classiest. The staffer said they'd go into a restaurant on the campaign trail and find Babbitt eating alone, and sit with him.

The aide said Jackson honed his oratorical skills attending the Baptist preacher conventions, where four or five superstars amongst the hundreds attending would preach to each other, and pick up techniques. One of them was the Reverend Otis Moss, whose church in Cleveland they visited during the Ohio primary.

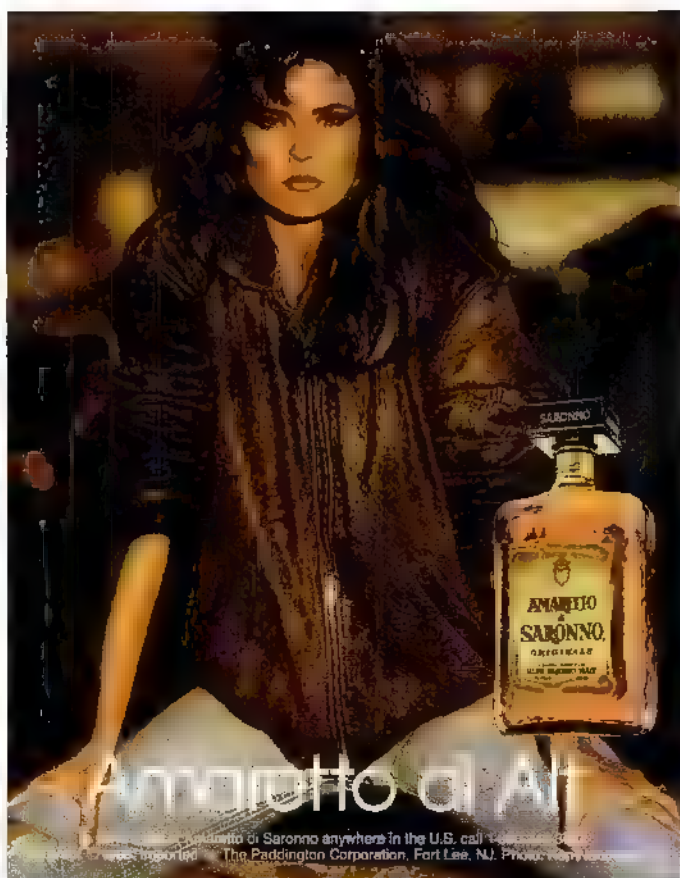
"Jesse was really tired, really dragging," says the aide. "We got there just as Moss was leading the choir in this old Negro spiritual, 'I Don't Feel No Ways Tired'—how did it go?" He leans onto the bar and taps his fingers slowly on the counter to bring it back:

*I come too far from where I started from to turn back now.
No one told me the road would be easy,
But He didn't bring me this far to just leave me.
I don't feel no ways tired.*

"It really picked Jesse up to come in hearing this eighty-year-old, black Baptist preacher and the choir singing that song, and he got up to speak and said, 'We started with fourteen [presidential candidates], there're only three left now. We're almost there, and I ain't no ways tired!' He blew the roof off the place."

Behind us, on the large-screen TV, a CNN News-night poll asks: If the election were tomorrow, who would win, Bush or Dukakis?

"Hey, what about Jesse?" one of the traveling reporters shouted at the screen.



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AIDS from page 83

for nine years.
Percentage of New York City AIDS cases who survive for five years or more: 15
The average life expectancy for an AIDS patient following diagnosis, according to CDC estimates: 22 months

Women diagnosed with AIDS die twice as fast as men.
Number of women included in the government's drug trials: one
In New York, AIDS is the leading cause of death among women aged 25 to 34, and men aged 25 to 44.

Number of drugs screened annually for possible use against AIDS: over 10,000
Number of drugs currently waiting to be tested in order to receive FDA approval: 81
Number of drugs that have received FDA approval: 1 (AZT)
The longest anyone has survived on AZT is 2 1/2 years.

Number of AIDS cases in the United States attributed to "casual" transmission: none

Number of AIDS patients currently on AZT: over 10,000 in the United States, 19,000 worldwide
Percentage of AIDS patients who suffer serious side effects from AZT: 67
Percentage of AIDS patients unable to tolerate AZT's toxicity: 50
Percentage of all patients undergoing AIDS drug trials who are being tested with AZT: 85
Cost of AZT per patient per year: \$8,000
Estimated profit made by AZT manufacturers: 40 percent
Price increase of AIDS drug Pentamidine after its efficacy against AIDS was realized: 400 percent

Cost of alternative AIDS treatment AL-721 (analogue) per patient per year: \$600
The longest anyone has survived on AL-721: 3 years (still alive)
Kilograms of AL-721 analogues distributed each week by the People with AIDS Health Group in New York City: 150

A total of 173 countries have reported cases of AIDS to the World Health Organization.
In North, Central, and South America, there is a total of 67,952 cases.

The highest incidence of AIDS cases is in the United States, which has 60,583 cases.
The second highest is Brazil, with 2,325 cases.
The total number of AIDS cases in Africa: 10,943; the highest number of cases in Uganda (2,369).
In central Africa, where the incidence of AIDS is five to ten times that of the United States, there are 45 men, 45 women, and 10 children per 100 AIDS victims. In America, 93 are men, 6 are women, and 1 is a child.
There are 100 cases of AIDS reported from the Middle East. Of those, the highest incidences are in Qatar, Tunisia, Sudan, and Morocco.
The total number of cases reported from Europe: 10,677
The highest number of European cases is reported from France: 3,073, Germany reports 1,848, and Italy, 1,619.
There are 24 cases of AIDS reported from Southeast Asia, all from four countries: Thailand, Sri Lanka, India, and Indonesia.
In the Western Pacific Region, 925 cases have been reported.
Of these, 758 are from Australia, 74 are from New Zealand, and 59 are from Japan.
(Note: The international statistics can be very misleading. When 1,000 Cubans were tested randomly, for example, the rate of AIDS was 40 times higher than the Cuban government had reported.)

Countries in the world that offer no form of guaranteed health care: 2 (the United States and South Africa)
Cost of treatment per AIDS patient per year: \$50,000-\$150,000
Projected annual cost of treating people with AIDS in New York City by 1991: over \$1 billion
Total amount allotted by Congress for AIDS research in 1988: \$949 million
Estimated cost of AIDS-related deaths to American life insurance companies from existing policies by the turn of the century: \$50 billion
Senate vote on the Helms Amendment, which prevents federal funding of any AIDS educational materials: 48 to 2 in favor

Percentage of AIDS patients who test negative for HIV: 20
A study done in 1985 showed that two thirds of men infected with HIV for over five years remain symptomless.
Hospital care workers who, since 1981, tested HIV positive after accidental exposure to HIV: 6 (one of whom has developed AIDS)
In a CDC surveillance project, a total of 1,097 health care workers with intestinal or mucous membrane exposure to the blood of patients with AIDS or HIV infection were enrolled. Only one (0.3 percent) seroconverted. Another study involved

70 health care workers who had had open wounds exposed to infected blood, and another 58 with mucous membrane exposure. Eighty-two of these 128 workers were tested for HIV antibody. All were negative.

Percentage of the American public that knows what AIDS is: 98

Percentage of the American public that thinks AIDS is the nation's most serious health problem: 68

Percentage of the American public that is taking specific precautions against AIDS (i.e. using condoms, choosing sexual partners more carefully, shunning blood transfusions, or saving their blood in blood banks): 55

Percentage of young people (in the 18-24 age group) who have started to use condoms: 27

Percentage of Americans that favor mandatory AIDS tests as a requirement for holding certain jobs: 60

Percentage of Americans who still believe they can get AIDS from giving blood: 26 percent; from eating at restaurants where the cook has

Heterosexual men in New York City who have contracted AIDS from women since 1981: 8

AIDS: 36 percent; from mosquitoes: 35 percent

Chance of contracting HIV through a single sexual encounter, using a condom, with a low-risk, seronegative partner: 1 in 5 billion

Chance of contracting HIV through a single sexual encounter, not using a condom, with a low-risk, seronegative partner: 1 in 500 million

Chance of contracting AIDS through a single sexual encounter, using a condom, with a high-risk, seropositive partner: 1 in 5000

Chance of contracting AIDS through a single sexual encounter, not using a condom, with a high-risk, seropositive partner: 1 in 500

Chance of contracting HIV through 500 sexual encounters, using condoms, with a high-risk, seropositive partner: 1 in 11

Chance of contracting HIV through 500 sexual encounters, not using condoms, with a high-risk, seropositive partner: 2 in 3

The risk of AIDS from a low-risk sexual encounter is about the same as the risk of being killed in a traffic accident while driving ten miles on the way to that encounter.

Gallo Rethinks HIV

Six months ago, Dr. Robert Gallo, the co-discoverer of the HIV virus, told SPIN: "No thinking scientist involved in the problem knows anything else but that there is one single cause of AIDS, period." HIV, he said, kills "like a truck" and all this talk about cofactors is "cock and horseshit . . . baloney." But last month Gallo shifted his position, announcing the discovery of a herpes virus called HBLV (human B-lymphotropic virus) which, he now claims, may be a necessary cofactor for AIDS.

One of the main problems with the HIV/AIDS theory, as stressed by molecular biologist Peter Duesberg (see SPIN, January), is that it only kills a minuscule amount of T-cells, the building blocks of the immune system. "Duesberg does not know what he is talking about," Gallo fumed in February's SPIN. "The virus does not infect only a small number of cells. This is so silly it defies belief. . . ."

Apparently, he doesn't think it's so silly any more. When Gallo spoke recently in Miami Beach at the American Society for Microbiology, he said that HIV does not kill enough T-cells to explain the disease, but that the new virus might. HBLV, he said, may be present in up to 80 percent of the population, and is probably linked to both chronic fatigue syndrome and chronic mononucleosis. According to the *Miami Herald*, "... Gallo said the virus also has been found alongside the AIDS virus in T-4 cells which mastermind the immune system and are the prime target of AIDS. Since the AIDS virus kills only a small percentage of T-4 cells at a time, Gallo said that the new herpes virus, if proven to be the cofactor, could explain the total annihilation of T-4 cells in AIDS patients. The virus kills cells after using them to replicate, he said. 'So if a cofactor is involved in the development of AIDS, and I'm not convinced it's absolutely needed . . . then we want to consider this one strongly,' said Gallo."

And what does Dr. Duesberg have to say about Gallo's sudden change of heart? "I think this may be Stalingrad," he said. "Once you postulate a cofactor, that means that you're admitting that the virus (HIV) alone doesn't cause the disease. It's hard to follow them, though. They're moving the goalposts faster than the ball, and by the time you've analyzed their last theory, they've already moved on to a new one. I hope this will finally reshape our policies about HIV testing and certainly about the prescribing of AZT to combat AIDS. It's a question of life and death."

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I'm Staying Home, I've Done My Time

Why I Haven't Been to an Outdoor Concert Since the Starship Was the Airplane and Prince Was Named Sly Stone

Elder Statements by Michael Corcoran

I don't care what they call 'em—"The Monsters of Rock," "The Demons of Decibels," "The Big Cheeses of Sleaze," or the "We Have Come for Your Children's Allowances Tour," whatever; I ain't leaving my La-Z-Boy to stand in a stadium with thousands of people who file Pink Floyd under "F," the Grateful Dead under "D," and Lynyrd Skynyrd under "S" when they alphabetize their record collections. At 17 I thought attending an outdoor concert was witnessing an event of historical proportions. Now I'm 32 and realize that history is not recorded by the likes of Ben Fong-Torres. Throughout the years, the allure of massive open-air shows has withered like Bette Davis's value as a Trivial Pursuit partner. The following comparisons illustrate my change in attitude over the past 15 years:

	TO A 17-YEAR-OLD	TO A 32-YEAR-OLD
THE SUN	A nice tan	Skin cancer
SEATING PREFERENCE	Near the stage	Near the exit
LONG RESTROOM LINES	A good place to meet girls	A good place to practice holding your breath
THE HEAT	Hundreds of girls in bikinis	Hundreds of girls in bikinis and a girlfriend with sharp elbows
BIG CROWDS	Brings out the spirit of togetherness and the brotherhood of man	Held in the same regard as traffic, long lines at the bank, and Sunday morning TV
FRISBEES	Things to catch and throw until Buddy Miles is finished	Things that hit you in the back of the head and knock your glasses off, much to the pleasure of the crowd
MOST EXCITING MOMENT	An unannounced superstar jam session	When the guys in front of you finally stop waving the Jack Daniels flag
MOST REPRESENTATIVE SMELL	Marijuana smoke	The combination of sunscreen, bug repellent, and vomit
THE SIGHT OF A CO-WORKER	"I hope he sees us"	"Oh, no, do you think he saw us?"
GREATEST RESPONSIBILITY	N/A	Staying sober enough to find the car parked amongst thousands
THE BEST THING ABOUT FESTIVAL SEATING	The earlier you go, the better seat you have	It made Roger Daltrey cry once
BIGGEST SURPRISE	Dylan didn't show up after all	The "Show Us Your Tits" signs really work
IDEAL NEIGHBOR	A "pregnant" woman who gives birth to a jug of vodka and cranberry juice	A couple of security guards named "Tiny" and "Big Al"



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